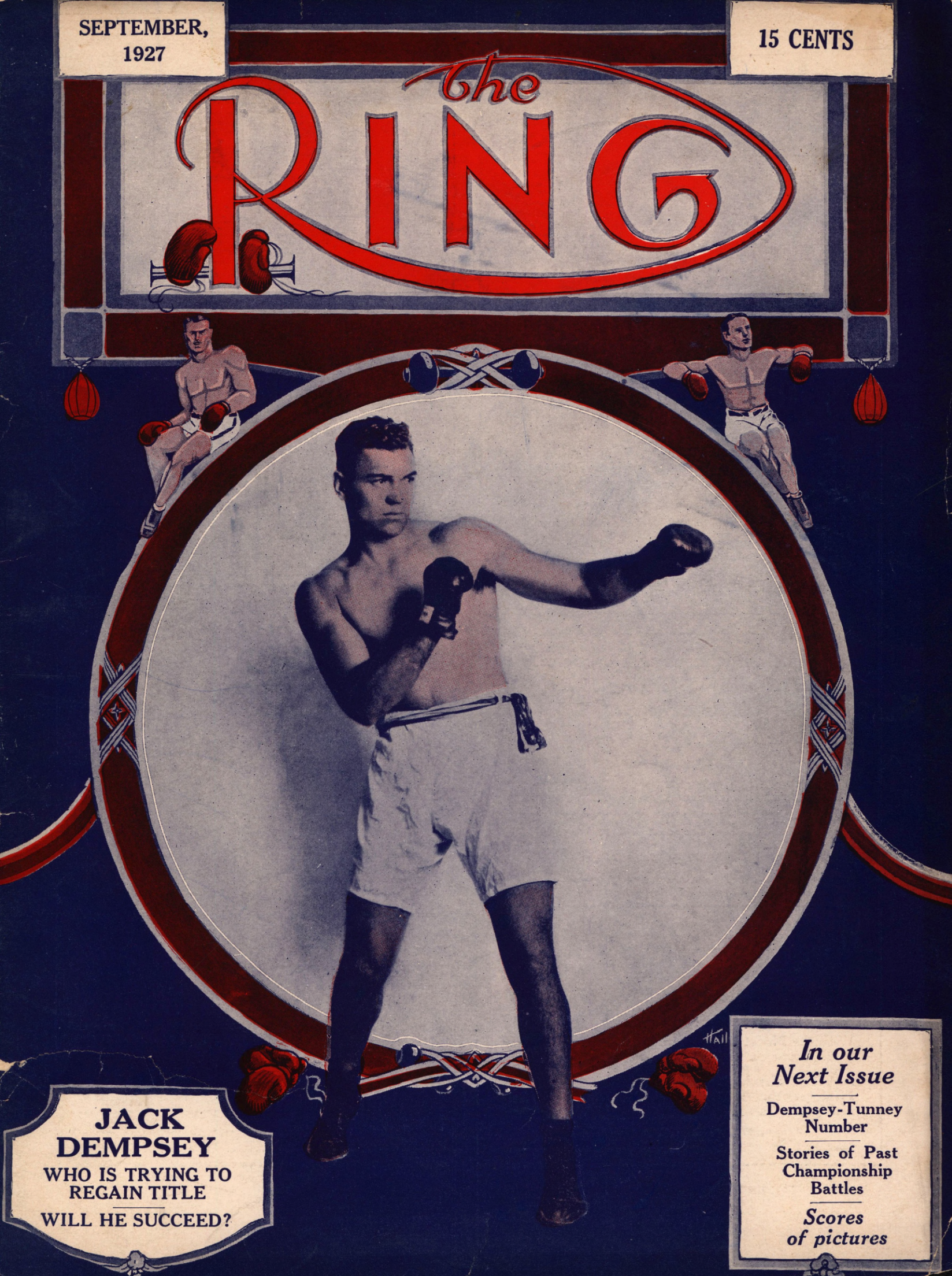
SEPTEMBER, 1927

15 CENTS

The RING



JACK DEMPSEY

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Vol. 6

World's Foremost

The RING

Boxing Magazine

No. 8

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SEPTEMBER, 1927

15 cents per copy

Published Monthly

$1.50 per year

$1.75 in Canada

$2.00 Foreign

20 *cents in Canada*

Business and Editorial Offices:

91 Seventh Avenue, New York City. N. Y. Telephone: Watkins 6382

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For Advertising Rates Address The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City

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Associate Editors: Daniel M. Daniel, Francis Albertanti, Hype Igoe, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Kofoed, and Frank Graham.

Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 8, 1879.

Sole Distributors for Canada and Newfoundland: Imperial News Company, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver. For Cuba: Diamond News Co., Havana.

For England and other European countries, Ted Broadribb, The Ring, Blackfriars' Road, London, S.E., is the sole distributor.

PR

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REMEMBER OUR GREAT DEMPSEY-TUNNEY NUMBER LAST FALL? THE RING NEXT MONTH WILL BE EVEN BETTER! DON'T FAIL TO GET THE RING FOR OCTOBER. IT WILL BE A HUMMER. HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE NUMBER

In Effort to Regain Title, Dempsey Aspires to a Feat Never Achieved in Heavyweight Class

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

NOW for the second Tunney-Dempsey fight!

Dempsey has beaten Sharkey and has been matched with Tunney for next month. We don't want to enter into a discussion as to Dempsey's right to fight Gene again, as to the merits of Dempsey's victory over—into a debate regarding the so-called foul.

The topic which now stands out has to do with Dempsey and boxing history. Can Jack wrest the championship away from Tunney? Can Dempsey perform a feat which never has been achieved?

Champions in other classes have been beaten only to turn on their conquerors and regain the title.

Ketchel was knocked out by Papke. Yet Steve turned on the Thunderbolt and knocked him out in their next fight —took the title back from him.

But in the heavyweight class it has yet to be done. Perhaps the most notable example of failure on the verge of success was that of Jim Corbett, who lost the title to Bob Fitzsimmons.

Fitz was whipped by Jim Jeffries, and then Corbett came back in an effort to land the laurels again.

CORBETT COMES BACK FROM A SOFT LIFE

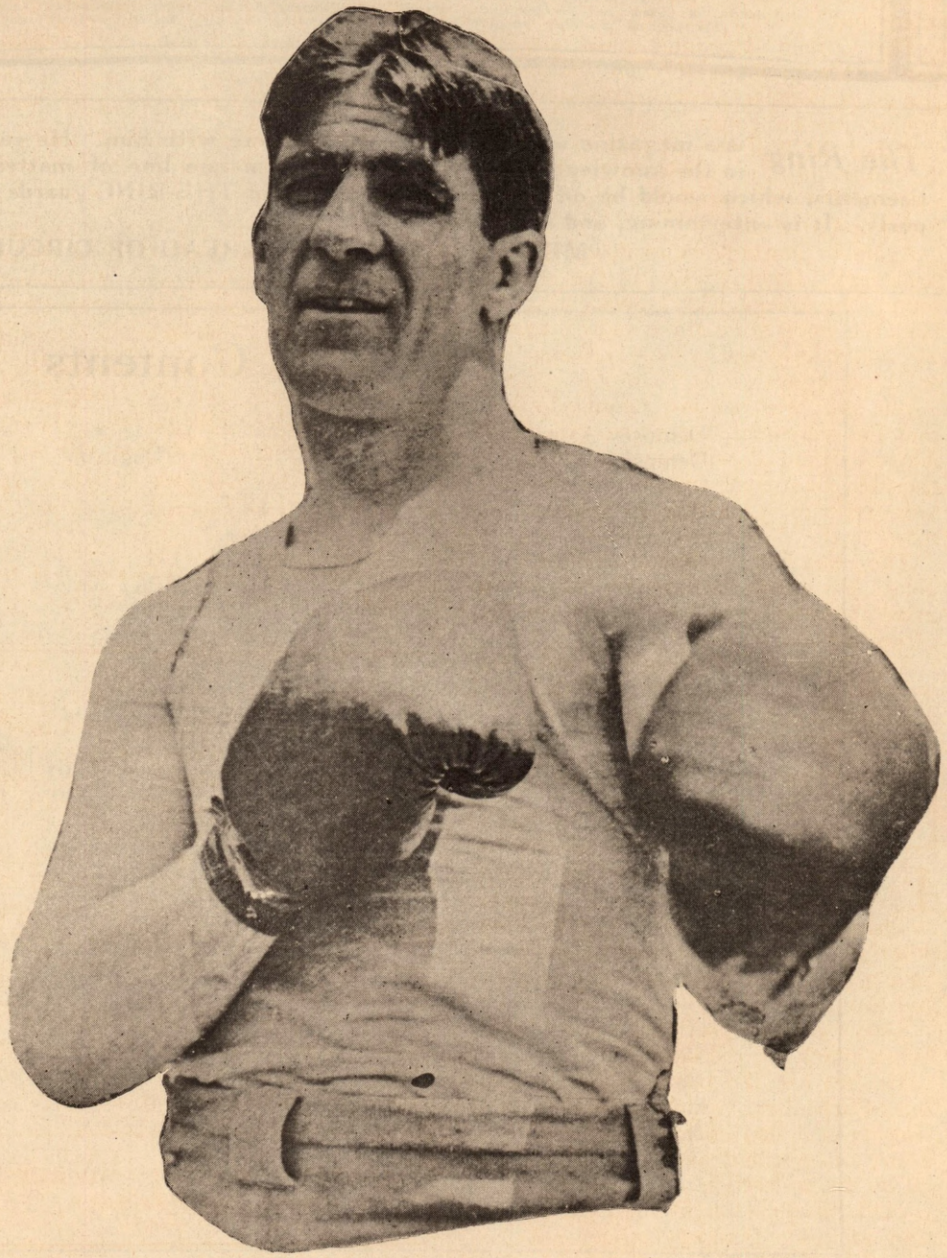
JIM had been out of the ring for a couple of years. He had been living a soft and easy life as the owner of a "cafe" at Broadway and 34th Street, in New York.

But Corbett felt that he was clever enough to win against the slower Jeffries. Jim appreciated the hitting power of Jeff, but he knew that he had a scheme to beat Jim.

Jeffries had been a sparring partner of Corbett's. He had learned the rudiments of boxing from Jim. And a coolness had developed between them. A story had been circulated that while Corbett was training for the Fitzsimmons fight Jeffries had knocked him out—in fact, had knocked him through a wall.

This story is still being circulated. But, according to Corbett, it is "the bunk."

It riled Corbett, who felt that Jeffries should have denied it publicly.



James J. Corbett as he looked when he attempted to regain crown.

So Corbett challenged Jeffries, and they met at Coney Island on the night of May 11, 1900.

Bill Brady was in Jeffries' corner that night. And what a time Billy had! Jeffries was slow and lumbering. He crouched and he pawed, and the much faster and more clever Corbett ducked and danced, feinted and jabbed — and piled up enough points in twenty-two rounds to win five heavyweight championships.

Three rounds to go — three rounds more and the title would be Corbett's again. Barring a knockout Corbett had

the laurels safe. Brady was frantic.

But in the twenty-third round there was a sudden change. Corbett's legs went back on him. Jeffries, urged by the desperate Brady, roused himself like a huge bear coming out of hibernation. He charged and Corbett's knees began to feel the effects of his easy life.

Jeffries charged; Corbett could not get away, and in the twenty-third round Gentleman Jim was knocked out.

That was as close as any heavyweight ever got to regaining the championship.

INTERESTING AS JACK GOES OUT TO MEET TUNNEY

AS Dempsey fares forth for his adventure against Tunney, that Corbett fight against Jeffries comes to mind, stands out strongly.

The Corbett encounter is of especial significance in view of what the writer saw at the Dempsey-Sharkey bout.

There is no getting away from the fact that the Dempsey of today isn't half the fighter he was against Willard, or an approach to the hitter he was against Firpo or Carpentier.

Against Sharkey we watched Dempsey's legs. They tired. In the seventh round those legs didn't look so good. Had the fight gone three more rounds we would have got a most valuable line on those legs.

But as it was, we saw enough to warrant the statement that when Jack fights Tunney again it will be important to consider this vital question of legs, of knee reflexes, of ability to keep on his toes.

The weaving, bobbing Dempsey is gone. He knows that he no longer can move about as he used to, and he has discarded the old style.

The shifting Dempsey is gone. The legs won't act as quickly as they did against Carpentier.

DEMPSEY NOW WADES IN TO BATTER BODY

IN place of the weaver and the bobber and the quick shifter, who was able to change from one shift right into another and make his knockout opening, we have a flat-footed Dempsey who wades in and hits for the body.

That's all Dempsey has left—a whale of an attack for the body.

He has lost the punch which knocked out Carpentier, which stopped Firpo. But he still had enough power to wear down an opponent with a terrific rat-tat-tat on the midsection.

Had Sharkey fought the fight he was told to fight, Dempsey would not have had the opportunities for a body attack which Jack the Sailor handed him. It was Sharkey's office to stand off and keep belting Dempsey in the jaw.

Dempsey was as wide open as he ever has been, but he showed the courage and aggressiveness that always have characterized him and made him a great fighter.

How about the Tunney who will meet the Dempsey challenge? Tunney is a moving target, and as such is hard to hit—hard for a man like Dempsey.

If Dempsey wades in as he did against Sharkey, Tunney will stand off and beat him, but if Dempsey can get to Gene's body and keep there as he did with Sharkey, Tunney will find himself in a sad predicament.

Tunney now is THE champion. At Philadelphia he was the challenger—the under dog, picked by most of the experts to pass out in four or five rounds.

SHARKEY FOUGHT "SUCKER" FIGHT AGAINST JACK

SHARKEY boxed at times, and when he did so he hurt Dempsey—hurt him enough to send his head buzzing. He hit him hard enough in the first round to force Leo Flynn to use smelling salts on the Mauler after the first round.

That's not so good. It was done at the Tunney fight, too—and at the same stage.

That's the Dempsey who will fight Tunney—a fighter most courageous, and a body punisher extraordinary.

NOW Tunney is supreme. He knows what he can do. He knows that he has beaten Dempsey—and he feels that he can do it again with greater ease.

Dempsey knows that he was beaten by Tunney, too.

He has suffered a psychological blow. He knows that he almost was knocked out—and that he will tackle a more impressive and better Tunney when they meet for the second time.

There's the size-up for the Tunney-Dempsey fight.

Ring history says Dempsey—"Nay."

Psychology says Dempsey—"Nay."

The rabid Dempsey followers say "Yes."

Dempsey's manager and trainers say "Yes."

That is the present situation.

The fight at Philadelphia says Dempsey—"Nay."

Dempsey of Toledo Stands Salient As Ideal of Pugilism

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN

AS the second Tunney-Dempsey battle nears, we like to hark back to the Dempsey who battered the gargantuan Jess Willard at Toledo on July 4, 1919.

We like to hark back to that Dempsey, to that blazing hot day on the shores of muddy Maumee Bay, because Dempsey that afternoon was the apotheosis of fighting skill, fighting fury, fighting effectiveness.

Old timers may go back to the John L. Sullivan who fought Kilrain and Ryan, the Sullivan who battled Mitchell at Chantilly. The more modern followers of the ring may hark back to the Corbett who beat Sullivan, the hard-hitting Fitzsimmons who knocked out Corbett, the stolid, steady, plodding and crouching Jeffries who seized the title from Ruby Bob.

They may talk about Jack Johnson the day he whipped Jeffries at Reno.

But you've got to go back to the Dempsey who toppled Willard to paint your picture of the fighting beau ideal.

Dempsey weighed about 186 *pounds that afternoon. Willard stood over Jack like a Colossus. Jess was gigantic, built like a mastodon in comparison with Dempsey.*

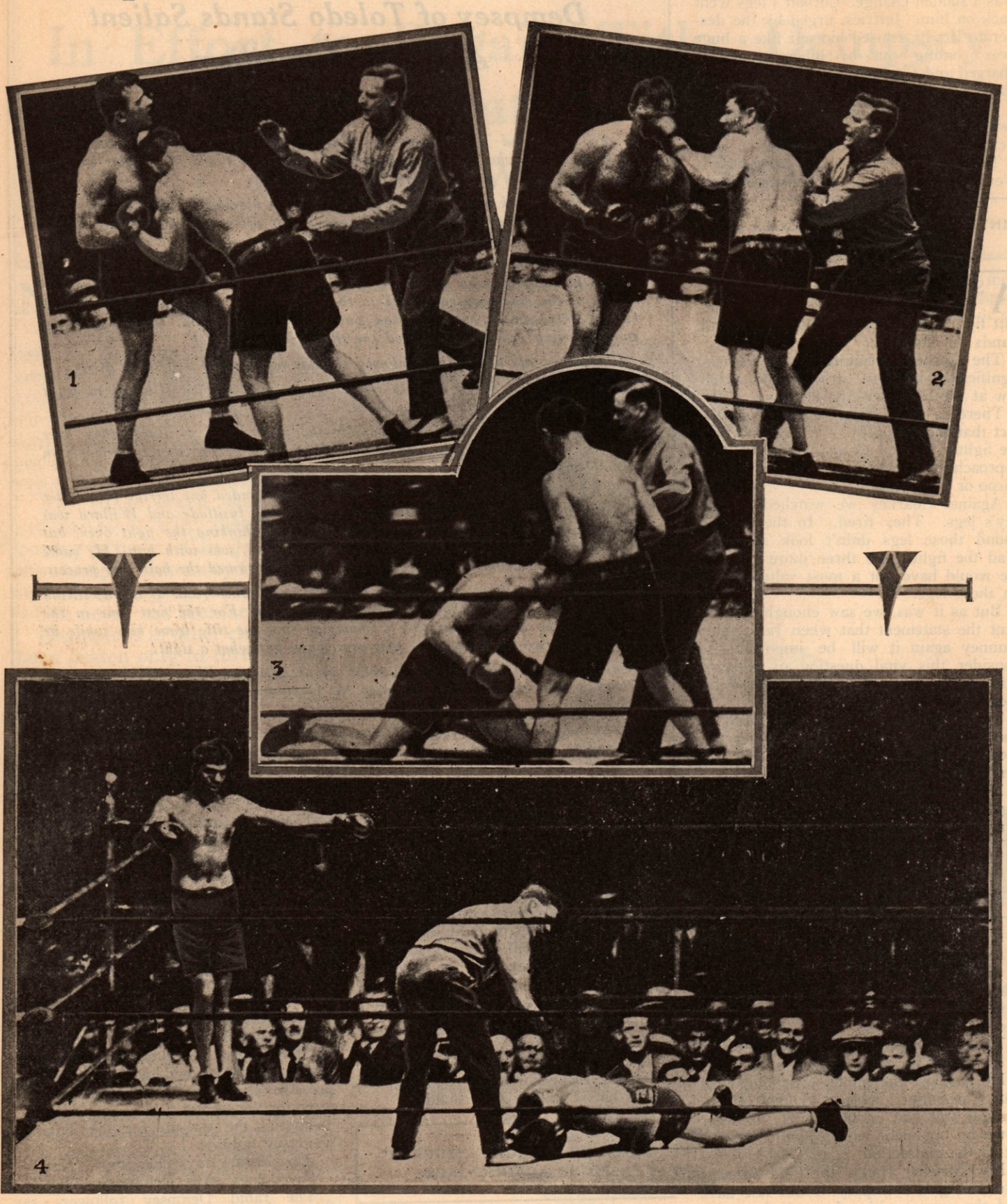
But Jack, rushing from his corner like a tiger, landed one terrific blow after another to the jaw. Willard was dazed. Another fusillade and Willard was stunned—seemingly out. Dempsey left the ring, thinking the fight over, but Lady Luck, who has done him many a favor since, was with him. He came back in time to avoid being disqualified and then resumed the battering process.

Hammer and tongs, one furious crash after another—and Willard, sitting in his corner, cut to ribbons, threw in the towel. For the first time in the history of the heavyweight title a champion saw the title leave him while he sat in his corner conscious. He was conscious—but what a sight!

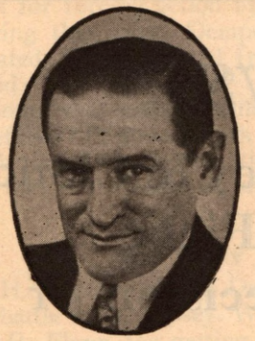
That's the Dempsey we like to think about. And we like to think about the Dempsey who knocked out Carpentier, the Dempsey who came back and knocked out Firpo.

You may talk about your old timers, but when this man Dempsey was in his prime, he was in Class 1. *And he was alone in his class.*

Disputed Blow and Knockout of Sharkey



1—Jack Dempsey delivering fourth body punch in seventh round at Yankee Stadium. This, according to many of the ringside experts, was the fourth foul landed in that round. Note how the right, which Sharkey claims struck him in the groin, is hidden from the camera's view. 2—As Sharkey lowered his guard and complained to Referee O'Sullivan, Dempsey, quick as a flash, planted his left to the jaw and sent Sharkey down. 3—Sharkey sinking to the floor after that left hook was landed. Note his agonizing look and the position of the knees, indicating extreme pain. 4—Referee O'Sullivan counting Sharkey out while Dempsey, his face battered and bleeding, watches the count. (These photos were supplied by the International Newsreel and are enlargements of the still motion pictures taken at the ringside)



Following the Fistic Trail

Parallels to Dempsey-Sharkey Bout
How "Solar Plexus" Punch Was Born
Body Blows Beat Lithunian

By HYPE IGOE

I SUPPOSE that men will be talking of that Dempsey and Sharkey finish as long as boxing endures. One hundred years from now, perhaps you'll find some of the younger generation of the time telling the boys down at the post office, how their great grandfathers illustrated the punches that upset the gabby Mister Sharkey and brought new glory to Jack Dempsey.

It was a finish that goes a long way toward keeping boxing alive. It was on a parity with other thrilling finishes in the heavyweight division that the old boys still harp on. Strangely enough it was almost a duplicate of the memorable affair at Carson City, Nevada, in which the badly battered Bob Fitzsimmons pulled a victory right out of the hot coals and knocked Jim Corbett loose from his precious heavyweight title.

On that crisp day the famous solar plexus punch was born. It had never been heard of before and wouldn't now be one of the famous smashes of ring history, had it not been for a doctor friend of Corbett's.

Jim was giving bald headed Bob a terrific pasting when the blow was written on boxing's pages for the first time. The Great Ruby had been knocked down and his lips were cruelly cut. Fitz was shuffling about in his usual knock-kneed style. He wobbled under every punch that Corbett landed.

* * *

Corbett's Jab Worked Well

JIM, the masterful one, was at his brilliant best. He was like a rapier expert practicing on a sack of oats. Stab, stab, stab, stab, went his left onto those bruised lips, in relentless precision. A machine couldn't have been more accurate.

Fitz had made up his mind to one thing. He had picked up the notion enroute that Corbett's weak spot was his middle. The blows that he had landed on Jim's ribs had seemed to bother him more than any of the others. In fact Bob hadn't been able to connect with Jim's head. No man had ever been able to so score. Bob would put his hope into a body blow.

He would make the opportunity. It came when Fitz executed a move that has always been associated with his name. The left shift dropped down into Jim Corbett's life like a bomb at a May Day gathering in Moscow.

Fitz's left foot seemed to glide backwards and his right forward and then back again, a sort of double windup for the fiendish left hand blow that landed right under Jim's breastbone. Corbett went down, agony written all over his face. His mouth was wide open like that of a fish on the hot sands. He tried to protest, he tried to get up, he tried to turn so that he could face Fitz.

Then Corbett crawled on hands and knees and finally got one gloved hand on the middle rope. Slowly he pulled himself up to a standing position but "ten" had been chanted over him long before he had left his knees. The wind had been knocked out of him and the punch had paralyzed every muscle and nerve in his body.

* * *

Corbett in a Rage

IN thirty seconds the deadening effects of the blow had worn off and Corbett, in the rage of defeat, went smashing through the crowd that invaded the ring and struck Fitzsimmons. Bob never forgave Jim for that off the record blow. He refused to give him a chance to redeem himself.

That night, returning to San Francisco, heart broken, on the special train that had been chartered by Hearst's "Examiner," in the confines of Jim's drawing room, the finishing blow was discussed by Corbett, Tom Williams, business manager of the Examiner, Max Newberry, the artist, who made the first drawing showing Corbett on the floor and Corbett's own physician, who was making the trip at Corbett's invitation.

All knew that a left had finished him and his reign as heavyweight king. All knew it was a left shift. As they talked over the exact landing place of the punch Williams pointing to a spot just under the breast bone said: "It landed here, Jim."

"That's the solar plexus, the grand central station of our body nervous system," spoke up the doctor.

"What did you call it?" asked Williams quickly.

"The solar plexus."

"That's it! That's the punch." The solar plexus punch won the heavyweight title for Bob Fitzsimmons said Williams and there came into boxing a new blow, one that will live as long as boxing itself.

* * *

Another Dramatic Finish

OLD FITZ was an actor in another dramatic finish in which he was the victim. In San Francisco, when he was a bald headed old shadow of himself, I saw him administer to Jim Jeffries the most horrible beating any champion of the ring ever got.

Fitz battered Jeffries' head to an unsightly pulp while he lasted. He lasted only up to the point when the brittle old maulies cracked up under the impact of his own blows.

Jeffries hadn't laid a glove on him in seven rounds. The title was Bob's again if he could carry on. But he could not make the grade. With both hands broken up hopelessly, he didn't have the stamina, the physical force to keep the shaggy champion at bay.

Jim whipped that old wagon tongue left into Bob's slender waist. He went down on his hands and knees and crawled to the ropes.

I'll never forget that picture, the grand old man registering undying courage, even to the last gasp in his body. He crawled up on the ropes much as Corbett had done before him at Carson. He spread his spindle legs, swayed, held himself afoot and then braced himself against the ropes. Jeffries had worn dark red gloves. It so happened that Bob's specially designed gloves were olive colored. He pulled them over his wrists by sheer force.

Then he faced out into the great crowd under the circus tent. "Gentlemen," he began, "I 'ave fought my lawst

(*Continued on page* 19)

Nat Fleischer Says:

Dempsey Triumph Over Sharkey in Cloud
Bostonian Fought a "Sucker" Fight
"Won by a Knockout" is Decision of Constituted Authority

THE Dempsey-Sharkey fight has gone into the fistic records—has passed into the annals of the ring with a shadow of doubt over the result.

The official decision was that Sharkey had been knocked out in the seventh round. And as that was the official verdict, The Ring supports it and the publisher of The Ring backs it as the word of the constituted authority which governed the bout.

Referee O'Sullivan saw no foul. The Boxing Commission, at the ringside, saw no foul. The motion pictures of the seventh round leaves the question of a foul in doubt.

Sharkey says he was fouled and he has strong support in that contention. The fact remains, however, that with the opportunity of a lifetime before him, with the chance to whip Dempsey and go on to a rich battle with Tunney, Jack Sharkey again let his ego get the better of him.

Sharkey fought a terrible fight. He should have boxed Dempsey from the start. Had he boxed he would have won. He had Dempsey dazed in the opening round, but instead of staying away from the Mauler and clipping him on the chin, Sharkey persisted in ignoring the instructions of Manager Buckley. Sharkey kept boring in. He kept playing into Dempsey's hands. He kept falling for Dempsey's game. And he got a beating.

* * * * *

SHARKEY now admits the error of his ways. He admits that he made a fistic fool of himself that night in the Yankee Stadium. He admits that he fought just the way he should not have fought. He has learned his lesson.

It isn't too late. Sharkey will be built all over again and in another year will stand out once more,—if he heeds advice and doesn't allow his head to get the better of him.

* * * * *

Bout Not Yet Ended

THE Dempsey Sharkey bout didn't end in the seventh round, as the official referee would have us believe. It has shifted to the cigar stores, barber shops, theatres, club rooms and street corners of every city where sports are followed. It will go on, round after round, day after day, week after week until Dempsey either regains his championship or is sent back to his Hollywood hotel into final retirement by Gene Tunney.

Strange as it may seem, such disputable decisions invariably crop up at a time when they can do most damage to the sport of boxing. Already the ever suspicious are shouting "Fake," "frame up," etc.

Such disputable decisions offer food for the scandalmongers and artillery for the opponents of the sport who are ever eager to pass legislation prohibiting boxing.

The betting angle, the $2,000,000 gate which is assured through a Dempsey victory, the ballyhoo that has been carried on for many months for a return Dempsey-Tunney tilt, the many lucrative bouts assured Sharkey by his elimination this year—all these are offered as arguments that the Yankee Stadium bout was not on the level. Yet a calmer, unbiased analysis of this contest will prove otherwise.

No one who saw that bout will deny the fact that for six rounds it was waged purely on its merits. Terrific body and jaw blows were landed and the movies bear this out. Would either Sharkey or Dempsey submit to such punishment, would they have fought at such a hot pace in order to enact a fake? Certainly not!

Why should Sharkey, with everything to gain, a million dollars thrust into his hands, consent to "throw" the bout?

This doesn't seem plausible. Arguments are raised that by losing to Dempsey, Sharkey is now assured of three big indoor bouts under Rickard's jurisdiction and that following the world's championship contest next month, another logical contender will be needed for next year's titular bout and that Sharkey would then be the champion's opponent. This series of bouts, it is pointed out, would net Sharkey far greater returns in one year than a bout with Tunney this year. Perhaps, but we doubt it.

WE repeat, the Sharkey-Dempsey battle was on the level. The fact that Dempsey's victory has been disputed does not alter this decision.

* * * * *

Sharkey Himself to Blame

SHARKEY has himself to blame for the loss of the bout. For a fighter who ranked as leading contender, he failed to show not alone the cleverness which he is credited with and that fine left jab he possesses, but an utter lack of brainwork. The proper thing for Sharkey to have done when he claimed he was hit low, would have been to drop with one knee to the floor and appeal to the referee. That would have enabled him to protect himself against Dempsey's savage attack, and to regain his breath but instead, he dropped his guard, began to sink to his knees and looked up for sympathy to Referee O'Sullivan.

Dempsey, quick as a flash, with keenness such as this writer has seldom seen displayed in a heavyweight ring battle, whipped up his snappy short left and ended the bout there and then. Dempsey didn't step back to see what was on the mind of the referee, he acted and acted quickly and wisely.

Let it be here remarked that even the referee was in doubt regarding the foul. To Bill Duffy, famous second, goes the

credit for forcing action by the referee. It was Duffy's quick thinking that aided Dempsey to victory. When the referee hesitated, Duffy shouted from the corner where Dempsey had retired:

"Count that man, O'Sullivan, Count him!

Referee O'Sullivan with a puzzled look, took a peek at Kid McPartland, knockdown timekeeper, and snapped into unison with him at the count of six until the ten and out was reached.

* * * * *

Bill Duffy Uses Thinking Cap

THAT move of Bill Duffy, not the left to the jaw, won the battle for Dempsey. While all the praise is being heaped on Leo P. Flynn for getting Dempsey into fighting trim, it was Duffy's thinking cap that, in our mind, caused the referee to change his mind. O'Sullivan's every move in the first five seconds following the knockdown, indicated that he was about to declare Sharkey the winner on a foul. Even the movies show this period of hesitation and despite the statement of O'Sullivan that he hesitated only because he was waiting for Dempsey to go to a neutral corner, which happened in this case to be his own, we feel confident the facts do not bear this out. There is no doubt in our mind about Sharkey being fouled, but the fouls were unintentional. We counted four low blows, and this writer justifies Dempsey's action in landing the haymaker. He would have displayed dumbness had he waited to see what O'Sullivan thought.

When the charge is made that Sharkey is ever ready to claim a foul and that his record shows several tainted victories, let it not be forgotten that Dempsey likewise has at least one to his credit. In the bout with Luis Firpo, Firpo, as we then declared and still maintain, won the world's heavyweight championship. Dempsey when hurled through the ropes, was aided and thereby should have been disqualified and again in the second round, when Referee Gallagher lost his head, Dempsey stood behind Firpo and before the Argentinian was off his knee, he received a terrific crash that laid him low. That violated the rules and with a competent referee would have resulted in Dempsey's qualification.

We mention these, just to show that Sharkey in his claim against Dempsey, is entitled to fair play. But Dempsey won and from that decision there can be no appeal.

* * * * *

WITHIN a few weeks the ballyhoo for the second Dempsey-Tunney battle will be over, the stage will be set and the $2,000,000 bout will be on. Then, as now, reams and reams will be written about the relative merits of the winner and loser, but in the name of Fair Play and Clean Sport, we hope no such questionable decision as that which marred the Dempsey-Sharkey bout will be repeated.

* * * * *

Jack Delaney Gives Up Crown

JACK DELANEY has retired from the light heavyweight division and has entered the more lucrative class, the heavyweight ranks. In relinquishing the world's light heavyweight championship, Delaney followed in the footsteps of Johnny Dundee and Louis Kid Kaplan in recent years and Jim Jeffries and Bob Fitzsimmons among those of the older school.

Whether Delaney's move will prove beneficial to him financially, is a mooted question. While it is acknowledged that the heavyweight class is the greatest monied class in fistiana, yet it must be remembered that Delaney is a light heavyweight and it is doubtful whether he will be able to mingle with men of calibre to whom he must spot ten or more pounds, and yet retain the prestige of Jack Delaney, the light heavyweight champion.

* * * * *

Other Historic Cases

WHEN Johnny Dundee vacated the featherweight ranks, he declared that he no longer could make the weight and did not feel inclined to ruin himself. Likewise, with Louis Kid Kaplan.

When Jim Jeffres gave up his crown, he passed it on to Marvin Hart with the statement that he, Jeffries, no longer cared to defend his title and that, he Jeffries, recognized Marvin Hart as the title holder. It will be recalled that the fight experts declared Jeffries' action as one without merit and Hart was compelled to fight his leading rivals in order to prove his superiority and right to the crown. Tommy Burns defeated Hart on February 23, 1906, in a 20 round decision bout at Los Angeles and Tommy immediately was recognized as the champion.

When Bob Fitzsimmons entered the heavyweight class in 1896, he did then what Jack Delaney did a few weeks ago. Fitzsimmons entered the heavyweight class and relinquished his middleweight title, not because freckled Bob found that he could no longer make the weight, but because Ruby Robert felt, as does Jack Delaney now, that there was more opportunity in the heavyweight class and that he could make more money by fighting in that division. Kid McCoy and Tommy Ryan claimed the title which Fitzsmmons gave up but Ryan retired in 1907 and Jack O'Brien came to the front as a claimant.

We draw this historic sketch in order to lead to the recognition of Mike McTigue as Delaney's successor by the New York State Boxing Board.

While Jack Delaney is within his rights in refusing to keep a title he no longer wants, the fact still remains that he is a light heavyweight and will not find easy sailing.

Delaney declared when he gave up his title that he no longer could make the weight but it remains a fact that Jack Delaney can get down to 174 pounds without any difficulty and that his only reason for quitting the ranks is because he figures he can whip Paulino, Jack Sharkey and Jack Dempsey and that eventually he will build himself up to a heavyweight contender.

To our way of thinking, we believe that it is entirely a question of weight with Delaney. If Jack can add ten pounds to his present limit and scale near the 185 pound mark as a heavyweight, there isn't a heavyweight in the world who can whip him.

Best of luck to a clean cut, honest, most capable fighter.

* * * * *

McTigue New Champion

THE right of the New York Boxing Commission in turning over Jack Delaney's light heavyweight crown to Mike McTigue is being questioned. Boxing writers throughout the country are asking the same question: "What authority has the New York Board to name McTigue as the title holder. Why not fight for the crown through a series of eliminations and a final bout?"

In this controversy we must side with the men who have charge of the boxing game in the Empire State. Messrs. Farley, Muldoon and Brower, who constitute the board, were well within their rights when they made this move.

Mike McTigue was matched to fight Delaney for the title. The match was originally scheduled for early in July and then was postponed until August 11 because of the interest in the Dempsey-Sharkey battle.

Mike is a legitimate light heavyweight. He never has weighed more than the limit of the class hence was entitled to protection. If a championship fight is arranged and the title holder fails to go through with the contest because the champion is unable to make weight, the title holder automatically loses his crown through forfeiture. McTigue could make the weight, was ready to fight Delaney and was recognized by the New York State Commission as the leading contender. Hence if McTigue was the leading contender before Delaney retired from the division, and was capable of making the weight, he surely is entitled to be recognzed as world's champion.

There is no one who can dispute Mike's right to the crown other than Tommy Loughran and as Mike has promised to give Loughran first crack at the title within sixty days, all seems serene. McTigue was matched with the champion and Delaney's action forfeits the crown to the Irishman.

We congratulate McTigue, for he is a credit to the boxing game which he has graced for many years. Others at McTigue's age are ready to retire, but Mike seems to grow younger and stronger as the years pass on.

Boxing Follows the Flag

Navy Carries Manly Art to All Parts of World

By CAPTAIN HEINE MILLER, U.S.M.C.R.
Editor, "Our Navy" Magazine

THE influx of foreign "champions" of late years such as Carpentier, Firpo, Paulino, recalls to mind some international matches of other days, when foreign fighters did not know whether boxing gloves laced up the back like a corset or came in cans like sardines.

There is an old saying to the effect that baseball follows the flag. That is indeed true. I have seen, back in the early 1900's, good playing ball teams in the Southern Philippines where all the players with equipped with caps, baseball shirts, gloves mask, etc., but WORE NEITHER PANTS, SHOES NOR STOCKINGS!

It can also be said that the five-ounce mit follows the flag, and it has long been the Navy's lot to carry the art of hit and get-away to the far flung outposts of civilization.

When Hobson's heroes were incarcerated in Morro Castle, Cuba, after blowing up the U. S. S. Merrimac in the channel of the harbor of antiago de Cuba, it is recorded that the Spanish Guards were much amused by the American sailors engaging in boxing bouts with each other.

* * *

Filipinos Keen on Boxing

ON most any boxing show these days you can see a flashy Filipino flyweight, bantamweight or featherweight. Indeed, they produced a banging good world champion in Pancho Villa. Let as recently as 1909 the Filipino lads in Manila stood in awe as American soldier, sailor and Marine Corps fighters did their mid-ring stuff out where the muddy Rio Pasig flows through old Manila.

Aspiring ringmen of other countries have never found the American Navy man backward about educating foreign nations in the manly art. Some of these international contests were rather ludicrous.

I remember several that were particularly funny.

Out on the Old China Station back in 1907 we had a colored fireman named Battling Sims, quite a neat welterweight but inclined to show the old Barnaby a bit when the going got rough. Sims was good enough in those days to ramble a twenty-round draw with Battling Robinson, the colored middleweight (also from the Navy), who boxed about Boston for many years.

In the Theatre Royal, Hongkong, Sims was matched to box a Chinese heavyweight named Tai Woo. This Chinese fellow had been educated at Oxford in England and learned his stuff there. He bowled over one English heavy after another in Singapore, Shanghai and Hongkong. None of them went over a round or two.

Then he was matched with Sims. At the opening gong, the Chinese fighter, gnashing his teeth and yelling in a loud voice, dashed at the gullible sailor battler and the latter took it on the roller skates with all turns banked.

If anyone should have driven up in a taxi and made inquiry, the fact was that Sims was plainly scared stiff at this big fellow hurrahing and flailing him around the hempen inclosure. By dint of great back pedaling, Sims managed to last out the round.

In the intermission between the first and second rounds, Simps plainly stated he wanted to get away. He had a headache, a backache, falling arches and leaping dandruff. His cup was full and running over.

* * *

Sims, Threatened, Continues

BUT Big Pete Johnson, his manager, let Sims know that much hard earned coin of the realm was on the line and that Sims could either step forth upon the greensward and do further battle or be layed like a rug after having his hair parted with a well filled water bottle. Sims chose the former route just as the bell rang for the second stanza.

The Chinaman dashed across the ring, jabbering and swinging. Sims was cornered in his own bailiwick. He could not get out of the corner. By sheer instinct, he ducked and side-stepped out under a terrific right hand haymaker. As he did this, also by sheer instinct, he drove a light right to the pit of the big Chinese's stomach. With a sickening grunt, the Chink keeled over, completely out.

He had never been hit before. He always had given his former opponents the well known "rush act."

As the dull dismal throne of the doleful decimal sounded over the huge form of the Chinese fighter, Sims stood by, his eyes fairly popping from their sockets.

But no sooner had the referee said "Nine and out," when Sims broke into an ear-to-ear grin and cracked:

"See me feelin' dat big fellow out in the fust roun'?"

* * *

A Shanghai Comedy

ANOTHER international comedy took place in Chang-su-ho Gardand, Shanghai. In those days the Frenchman still stuck to Savate, the French business of boxing with the feet. The biggest French savate champion in the Far East was matched with Jimmy O'Rourke, sailor of fortune and world girdler, the son of an Irish trapper and a Siwash Indian mother. O'Rourke was a forty-five rounder and a good one who might have reached great heights had he trained on anything else but "Four Roses" and "Johnny Walker."

We tossed Jimmy into the ring opposite Johnny Crapeau. O'Rourkke thought the Frenchman would kick straight out like a football player. So Jimmy watched only the Frenchman's feet. However, the big frog feinted pretty with a left hand, whirled on his left heel and brought his right heel in a swishing parabola flush against O'Rourke's jaw. The sailor went down like a 200 pound book agent being tossed out of a seventh story window.

He took the count of nine and arose all o. k. to continue with the goings on

(*Continued on page* 12)

Did Jack Dempsey Hit Low? Or Did He Win Fairly?

DID Jack Dempsey foul Jack Sharkey?

Did Dempsey hit Sharkey fairly and knock him out fairly?

Did Sharkey feign a foul?

Here are the statements of the referee, Jack O'Sullivan; the principals, and fight experts who were at the ringside. Take your pick.

JACK O'SULLIVAN, *Referee*:

There is no question about the punch by Dempsey just before the K. O.—a right-hand punch — which hit Sharkey low on the left thigh. It was a sweeping blow and did no damage. That was followed by Dempsey's blow to the solar-plexus, which did the damage Then came the left hook to the jaw as Sharkey lowered his guard and appealed to me, and that ended the bout. When the solar-plexus blow landed, Sharkey grunted, but it was the blow to the jaw that dropped him.

That punch was fair. The punch that Sharkey claimed was low was not sufficiently damaging to warrant Dempsey's disqualification. I warned Dempsey and overruled Sharkey's protest. After I made the ruling Dempsey got into fighting action first and hooked his left to Sharkey's chin, ending the fight.

* * *

JACK DEMPSEY: A right to the heart, which I landed with every ounce of power in my right arm, won the fight for me. I worked in close and it was not a foul blow. I knew he was hurt, and then I floored him with a left hook to the chin.

* * *

JACK SHARKEY: If ever a man was deliberately fouled, I was the man. Though I hate to say it, I think Dempsey struck me low in the seventh round to save himself. I was clearly in the lead and felt confident I would have won by a knockout before the end of the bout.

* * *

FRANCIS ALBERTANTI, *The Ring*: It was a solar-plexus followed by a left hook to the chin that settled Sharkey.

* * *

CHARLES F. MATHISON, *Official Judge of the Bout and Special Writer for The Ring*: Dempsey should have been disqualified. He fouled Sharkey three times. The punch that started Sharkey's knees quivering was 10 inches below the belt.

* * *

GRANTLAND RICE, New York *Herald-Tribune*: Dempsey struck Sharkey two foul blows with his right early in the seventh round and as Sharkey apparently doubled up in pain, Dempsey followed with a left hook to the jaw and Sharkey fell squarely upon his face.

* * *

W. O. McGEEHAN, New York *Herald-Tribune*: Dempsey landed low on the trunks of Sharkey. The Lithuanian protested to Referee O'Sullivan, and as he protested Dempsey drove in another right even lower. Sharkey started to crumple, still complaining, and as he was dropping Dempsey shot a left with all the force that was left in him. It crashed against Sharkey's jaw and he dropped on his face.

* * *

ED FRAYNE, New York *American*: The punch which Sharkey claimed to be low was not visible to this writer, for Sharkey had his back turned towards me. However, I will say that Dempsey did score with several low shots earlier in the bout. I saw at least two of them.

* * *

DAMON RUNYON, New York *American*: There was no evidence of a foul. Sharkey went down under a rat-a-tat of glove smacks in the middle, some of which were thought by ringsiders to be low. A foul blow always leaves some mark. There was no mark after an examination in the dressing room by Dr. Walker.

* * *

JAMES J. DAWSON, New York *Times*: Dempsey should have been disqualified on a foul. This writer was among those at the ringside in the best position to see what had happened, and it is his verdict that Sharkey was hit low four times with a right. It was not deliberate or intentional, yet it was a foul that caused Sharkey's downfall. Up to the knockout Sharkey boxed rings around Dempsey and had six rounds to his credit.

* * *

HYPE IGOE, New York *Morning World*: No matter what justice Sharkey had to his claim of foul for the low body punch, the knockout blow was fair. I defy any man to say the blow to the body was low and foul, even though Sharkey claims it was.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD, New York *Morning World*: From where I was sitting, Sharkey was facing me and I could see the blow. Even the referee was undecided what to call it. He stood bewildered until he heard Knockdown Timekeeper Kid McPartland count 6; then he took up the count and the bout was over. That right to the stomach was a foul punch. Three other punches were foul. Dempsey was not entitled to the verdict.

* * *

DANIEL, New York *Telegram*: I was sitting on the third base line and saw three fouls, the last of which struck Sharkey in the groin.

* * *

JOE VILA, New York *Evening Sun*: Dempsey fouled Sharkey, not only in the last round, but several times preceding that.

* * *

WILBUR WOOD, New York *Sun*: I saw Sharkey fouled four times. Dempsey did not win that fight honestly. He should have been disqualified.

* * *

JIMMY DeFOREST, New York *Morning World* (Who picked Dempsey to win in eight rounds): A right to the body and a left to the jaw did the trick, and not any foul blow. Just what I predicted happened.

* * *

PAUL GALICO, New York *Daily News*: There was no fluke about it. Sharkey had claimed a foul, dropping his guard for a fraction of a second, and in that interval Dempsey whizzed over his left in a half hook, half uppercut, and all was over.

* * *

JACK FARRELL, New York *Daily News*: There were shouts around the ringside from Dempsey admirers that Sharkey couldn't take it around the body, and he proved that. He simply couldn't take it around the belly.

* * *

GENE TUNNEY, New York

(*Continued on page* 12)

Graphic: Dempsey can still hit. He won fairly. He won like a great fighter.

* * *

JAMES J. JENNINGS, New York *Graphic*: There will be thousands of versions about the verdict, but this writer will always maintain that Jack Dempsey should have been disqualified for fouling Jack Sharkey. Persons sitting along the third-base line were the only ones who saw just what happened. Four foul blows were landed, three were low, but the fourth was a terrific wallop in the groin, for which Dempsey should have been disqualified.

* * *

ED SULLIVAN, New York *Graphic*: There was no doubt about the legitimacy of the final blow. I did not see the blow that Sharkey claimed was foul, but it was up to the Bostonian to protect himself while complaining. Dempsey won the fight fairly in my opinion.

* * *

GEORGE B. UNDERWOOD, New York *Telegram*: Only a small minority of the fight fans saw or could see what happened in that eventful seventh round. An apparently stupefied, bewildered or frightened referee permitted Dempsey to strike Sharkey below the belt from the very start, time and again, without issuing a single warning, and finally stand supinely by and permit the once terrible Manassa Mauler to finish Sharkey with at least three punches to the groin followed by a smashing uppercut. Sharkey was fouled and Dempsey should have been disqualified.

* * *

JOE WILLIAMS, New York *Telegram*: With a pair of reasonably clear eyes, I saw Jack Dempsey hit Jack Sharkey low, not once, but three times in the seventh round before he produced the K. O. punch that put him back in the big leads.

* * *

WILL GOULD, New York *Telegram*: Sharkey was fouled. He should not have lost the fight.

* * *

HENRY L. FARRELL, *United Press*: I saw no foul.

* * *

JACK KOFOED, New York *Post*: There was no foul. It was a clean-cut K. O.

* * *

SAM TAUB, New York Morning *Telegraph*: Fouls marred the contest. Dempsey should have been disqualified. He won the fight on a low blow followed by a left hook to the chin.

* * *

BILL CORUM, New York *Evening Journal*: Sharkey was fouled. Dempsey should have been disqualified for hitting low.

SID MERCER, N. Y. *Evening Journal*: I saw no foul. Dempsey's comeback impressed me very much.

* * *

FRANK O'NEILL, N. Y. *Evening Journal*: Dempsey came back with a clean-cut victory. I saw no foul.

* * *

JAMES J. CORBETT, N. Y. *Journal*: Dempsey's victory was a fair one. He did not foul Sharkey.

* * *

HARRY CROSS, N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*: I saw at least three fouls, the last of which was responsible for Sharkey's downfall.

ROBERT EDGREN, N. Y. *Evening World*: The K. O. blow was a left hook to the chin. The so-called foul was a solar-plexus punch. No fouls were delivered before that blow. Dempsey outgamed Sharkey.

* * *

ED VAN EVERY, N. Y. *Evening World*: It is hard to cast any shadow on Dempsey's victory, but that Dempsey should have been disqualified for hitting low with a right below the belt which was followed by a left hook flush to the chin is something that doubtless was pretty plain to all of those on the third-base line at the ringside.

BOXING FOLLOWS THE FLAG—(*Continued from page* 10)

around there. Again the Frenchman feinted and again that right foot came whirling for "the point."

This time, however, O'Rourke caught the foot in mid air, held it high over his head in his left and reaching over with a smashing right hook, dropped the Frenchie colder than a landlord's heart. O'Rourke continued holding that foot in the air while Johnny Crapeau was counted out and we always contended he should have been counted out in sections, one "ten" for his other parts and one "ten" for his foot, the foot having hit the deck approximately twelve seconds after the Frenchman's trunks collided with the canvas.

* * *

Jiu Jitsu vs. Boxing

YET another international battle requires me to shift to the first person, singular.

The Japanese merchants' association of Manila, P. I., back in November of 1908, was staging a great carnival in Manila. The Japanese fleet was there, Japanese games were played, geisha girls danced, the samisen twanged and kites were flown.

Gigantic 300 pound wrestlers tossed each other around like sacks of oats, fanning themselves with multi-colored fans between rounds and tossing salt over their shoulders for good luck. Agile jiu jutsu men tried to break each other's arms off like sticks of checkerberry candy. All in all, the Japanese were having a nice time and we were glad to see them have it.

Then one day a committee of Japanese merchants came over to the flagship of the U. S. fleet and asked if they might arrange a mixed match between their jiu-jitsu champion and the smallest boxer in the U. S. fleet, for the purpose of determining which mode of self-defense was the more efficient.

I weighed about 124 at that time and was sent in against the Japanese champ. His name was Yujiro Omato and he weighed about 100 pounds. I never will forget him or his little Charlie Chaplin mustache.

We were to go best two falls or two knockdowns out of three. I was to wear regular ring attire and five ounce gloves, being allowed to punch as I pleased, but not being allowed to do any holding, wrestling of throwing. Omato wore a short jiu-jitsu jacket and was confined to straight jiu-jitsu, not being allowed to punch and wearing no gloves.

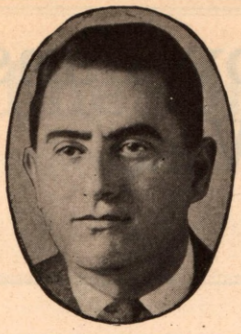
As the bell rang I walked from my corner and extended my right hand for the customary shake. The Japanese knew nothing about handshakes and I should have known better than to stick my big ham out there. For he grabbed it, whirled like a flash and pitched me fifteen feet across the ring on my head. Another one for Underwood!

I was one down and two to go and plenty dizzy about it all. I looked up from a prone position on the canvas and here was that smiling face with its Charlie Chaplin mustache right over me.

I took my time about getting up, and as I did, I feinted with a left and swung a right all the way from the resin. It hit the Yokohama champion right on the whiskers and he folded up like a primer at recess.

He forfeited the other fall and explained, through an interpreter, that he did not know I was going to hit him, believing my five ounce Levinsons were to handicap me due to my weight advantage.

Jiu-jitsu is a fine means of attack and defense once your jiu-jitsu expert gets hold of you. But before he gets hold of you I like the old sock preceded by a side step or some adequate blocking. It gets more definite results when administered in proper dosage.



In a Lighter Vein

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

SO the second Tunney-Dempsey fight is to be staged in Chicago! Here's hoping it's not one of those serials, with a chapter in every big city.

New York is furious. Chicago grabbed the Army-Navy football game last Fall, and now THE fight. However, New York will try to worry along with its million or so transients daily.

The Soldiers' Memorial Stadium in Chicago may be bigger than the Municipal Arena in Philadelphia, but I'll wager ten pesetas it can't hold as much water.

Fifteen rounds in New York. Ten rounds in Chicago. Did that have anything to do with the Rickard decision? Did Dempsey insist on a ten-round limit, as he did for the fight which was held in Philadelphia?

The Real Victim!

POOR Sharkey! Oblivion is his share. All he will get will be three fights in the Garden in New York this Winter and a crack at Tunney next Summer. Poor Sharkey!

Wonder what Corbett and Jeffries think about the present epidemic of $2,000,000 *fights? When they were in their heyday they fought twenty-five round battles and the gate was a hummer when it hit the* $50,000 *mark.*

Jim Corbett got less for going sixty-one rounds to a red hot draw with Peter Jackson than either Tunney or Dempsey will get for just one minute of action in their coming scrap.

Much as I like to see boxing prosper and boxers get their just dues, I think the game has run into too much money. At least, the heavyweight championship game. It is getty fatty degeneration of the heart.

Heavyweight title boxing has gone into the class of Big Business. Once it was a private enterprise but now it is backed by some of the biggest banking interests in the country.

One Big Advantage

WELL, if it rains at Chicago it won't be so long a walk to the hotels. The stadium is right close by the leading hostelries.

The hand is quicker than the eye. Have motion picture cameras under the ring, over the ring, at all four corners and other vantage points. This would help settle questions of foul.

After the Tunney-Dempsey imbroglio somebody will join Pres. Coolidge and issue a statement that "I do not choose to run again in Nineteen Twenty-Eight."

For years and years Chicago has been praying for a heavyweight championship fight. It is hoped that boxing is not forced to pray for years and years that another heavyweight championship fight is not held there.

NO MATTER HOW BAD THE FIGHT MAY BE IN CHICAGO, IT WILL HAVE A STRONGER COMPETITOR OVER AT THE STOCK YARDS.

Something to Dope Out

AT this writing Tunney is a 9 to 5 favorite over Dempsey. Just a year ago at this time Dempsey was a 4 to 1 favorite over Gene. Who will be the favorite at this time next year?

Veterans of the Army-Navy game in Chicago last Fall, who had seats at the ends of the stadium, advise Rickard to build a series of hanging balconies which might be suspended from giant balloons.

Those fifty cent opera glasses which were sold at the Dempsey-Sharkey fight in New York won't do at Chicago. Telescopes and marine glasses will be in order.

What has become of the old fashioned ringside, which ran about a dozen rows?

The arena of the coming decade will not be built of concrete. The walls will be constructed of rubber.

A Thought for Chicago

SAYS Mike the Bite, "After the big fight Chicago will have to remove Mrs. O'Leary's cow from its coat of arms and substitute the bull."

Pretty soft for Rickard getting these big concrete and steel stadiums for his fights. Years ago he had to stay up nights and worry about fires. He had to keep squads of hose men watering those wooden stands for days and nights before the encounter.

So Paul Berlenbach has said goodbye to the ring! Well, he was good when he had it. Delaney killed Paul for all time and it is wise for Berlie to recognize that fact and quit before he is thrown back on his heels.

It's a wise fighter who quits cutting didoes in the ring before he is forced to start cutting out paper dolls.

The manager of Tony Canzoneri says that he doesn't want the featherweight title. "It's too expensive to be a title holder these days. There's more money going around picking up scraps here and there."

It's All Wrong, Cyril!

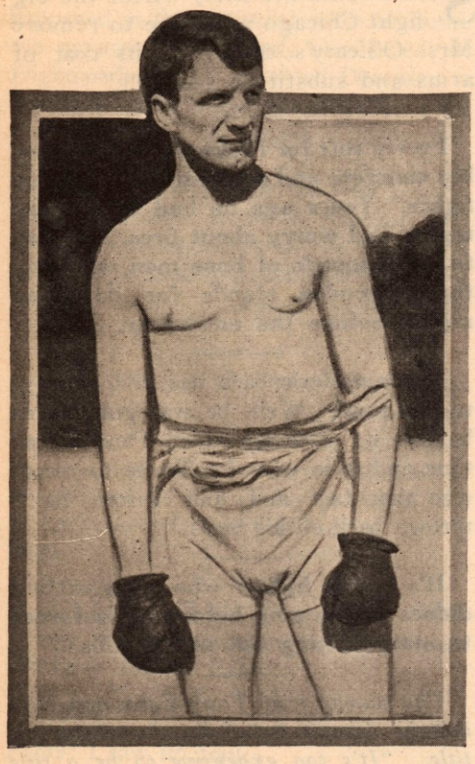
THAT'S the tip off on the current trend in boxing. A title should be the big goal of every fighter, no matter what class he may be in.

WHILE ALL THE TWO MILLION DOLLAR EXCITEMENT IS RAMPANT, I WONDER WHAT OLD

Freddy Welsh Mourned by Fans —Berlenbach Makes Wise Decision

By NAT FLEISCHER

THE death of Freddy Welsh adds to the list of immortals among the ring champions the name of one of the illustrious who have answered the call of the Grim Reaper during the past six months. The year has been a most unfortunate one in the matter of deaths of ring greats—Pancho Villa, Young Corbett and Aurelio Herrera being among those who had the fatal ten counted over them.



Freddy Welsh

Such warriors may pass into the Great Beyond, but their memory will live long after their flesh is gone.

Freddy Welsh — what memories his name recalls to the veteran sportsman!

A gentleman, a scholar—one of the greatest exponents of the Jem Mace school of scientific boxing — this was what made Freddy Welsh a by-word wherever boxing was discussed.

His cleverness was surpassed by few. His genialty gained for him a horde of friends—but, unfortunately, these worshippers of Freddy Welsh, the world light weight champion, forgot Freddy Welsh, the heartbroken, penniless former champion, who through no fault of his own had lost his all—his property and his health. The World War was responsible for his downfall. He enlisted as a lieutenant and came home a captain, but his absence ruined him financially.

Such is the way of the world! One day a hero, with millions of hero worshippers at your door; the next, a down-and-outer with none to offer succor!

Poor Freddy Welsh! Nothing but his ashes as the only visible remains of a champion who fought the greatest men of his time, a wizard of boxing, a teacher of ring art, and a soldier!

Captain Freddy Welsh, we salute your memory. May your soul rest in Peace!

* * * * *

Berlenbach Acts Wisely

PAUL BERLENBACH's manager, Dan Hickey, has told the New York Boxing Commission that Paul will not don the gloves again if Hickey has his way.

Paul will do well to abide by Hickey's decision. While he won a couple of fights in his so-called comeback campaign, Berlenbach showed that he had very little left.

As Berlenbach has saved his ring earnings, if he heeds Hickey, he will pass from the picture with financial independence, with his health, and the good of all.

It is better thus. Too many of our fighters remain in the ring overlong. They can't be blamed. They have only one stock in trade, and that's punches. They have only one line of thought, and that's boxing. When not fighting, they have only one real activity, and that's training.

It takes gumption as well as wisdom for a fellow like Berlenbach to quit the ring, but we hope for his sake he acts favorably on Hickey's suggestion.

* * *

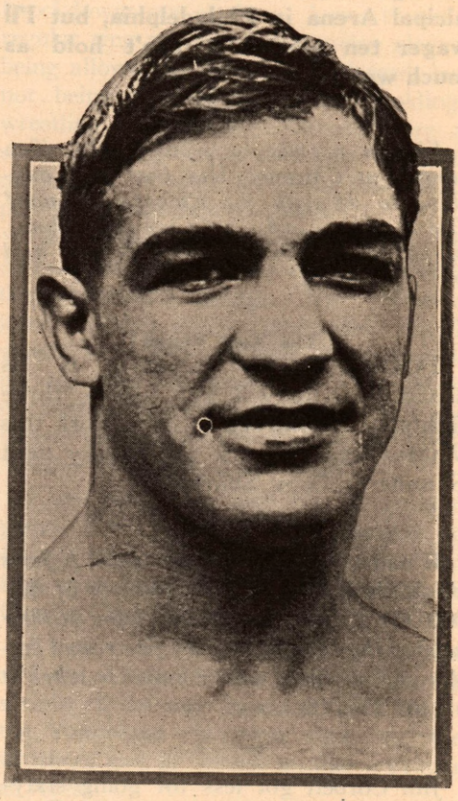
Jack Finished Him

BERLENBACH could continue in the ring and make a lot of money. But he is done as a contender. Jack Delaney finished Berlenbach that night in Brooklyn when he pummeled him for fifteen rounds and took the light heavyweight championship away from him.

Berlenbach fought hard, but he was up against a superior boxer and a superior fighter.

Berlie was blamed that night for fighting the wrong kind of fight. But Time has proved that he fought the best way he could against a greater battler.

Delaney himself hasn't been the same Delaney since that night. Berlenbach was beaten but he gave Jack a terrific whipping too. Delaney showed the effects of the Berlenbach fight the night Jack



Paul Berlenbach

met Jimmy Maloney. Delaney tried hard but he did not have the snap and the dash and the power he had launched against Berlenbach.

Boxing history presents quite a few such cases,—cases of men who fought themselves out against each other.

As Berlenbach goes, The *Ring* wishes him Godspeed.

The Original One-Eyed Connolly

By TIM McGRATH
Trainer and Manager of World Famous Fighters

THE recent attempt of One-Eyed Connolly to crash the gates of England without success, recalls the days of the real One-Eyed Connolly, the original gate crasher about whom thousands of yarns have been spun. The present day King of Gate Crashers, who after saving enough pennies to embark for England with the Mickey Walker-Tommy Milligan fight as his objective, is far below par compared to his namesake of about fifty years back.

The One-Eyed of the old days probably turned in his grave when he heard of the arrest by Immigration authorities of his namesake at the very gates of England. No king could have stopped the Original Gate Crasher, less so a mere uniformed Immigration official.

Many stories have been printed about One-Eyed Connolly of present day and many an interesting tale has been told of the crashes of the Original Connolly, but it remained for Professor Jim Silvey, a man who knew John L. Sullivan intimately, to tell me how and why One-Eyed Connolly decided never to pay his way to see a fight show. Here's the story as it was related to me:

* * * * *

The Double Crossing

TO show what he meant, Jim told me this story. One night Connolly boxed Fiddler Neary at the Crib Club in Boston. Before the two entered the ring they made an agreement that Connolly was to "go out" in the first round. Neary, it was understood, was to box easily for a few moments and then put in an unexpected punch and drop Connolly.

Neary did his part well, too well, for he went along so slowly that Connolly, seeing a chance, shot in a punch of his own and dropped him cold.

Connolly then collected the purse, $150, and left the club. When Neary got out he went after Connolly, located him in Johnny Campbell's Woodbine saloon, and demanded that he give him part of the purse.

"My word!" said Connolly, "the nerve of you! Wanting me to split with you after I knocked you out."

The two almost came to blows, but Connolly hung on to the money, and he wound up by informing Neary that he was going into a back room of the saloon to sleep and not to bother him.

* * * * *

NEARY then got his gang, explained the situation, and suggested that they keep watch on Connolly, and when he was asleep they go through his pockets and take the money.

They watched for over two hours; every once in a while a member of the gang would pass through the back room. and, on his return, reported that Connolly was not yet asleep.

The gang was still waiting when Connolly reappeared in the barroom and thanked the proprietor for having let him sleep so long without being disturbed.

Then Neary and his gang learned how they had been fooled. Connolly had slept on the side of his face with his glass eye on the upper side toward the ceiling. The gangsters seeing the glass eye staring at them naturally thought Connolly was still awake.

* * * * *

BACK in 1887, relates the Professor, Connolly paid $15 for a ticket and traveled over one thousand miles to see the fight between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan.

When he arrived at the fight Connolly found the seat he had paid for occupied by another fellow.

"Give me my seat," said Connolly.

"I'll give you nothing," growled the fellow.

"But I paid $15 for it," protested Connolly.

"I don't care what you paid," said the fellow. "I paid nothin for it; but I got it."

So Connolly had to see the fight with his one eye from a back seat on the fence, and he swore that never again would he pay to see a fight—and I don't believe he ever did.

* * * * *

THE stories as to how Connolly got into fights without paying are without number.

The day that John L. was to fight Jake Kilrain in Mississippi City Connolly approached "Bud" Renaud, the promoter of the match, and said:

"Supposing Booth and Barrett were playing and you were an actor and were flat broke. Would you expect the manager to pass you in free?"

"I certainly would." said Renaud.

"Well," said Connolly, "these fellows are the Booth and Barrett of the fighting profession and I am a fighter and broke."

"You win," said Renaud, "go in." And thus Connolly saw the last big fight under London pirze ring rules in the U. S.

There has always been a question among the present day sports writers as to whether Connolly was ever really a fighter.

Jim Silvey told me that he was—but that his fights never lasted more than one round.

* * * * *

Got Sharkey Peeved

I HAD a few personal experiences with Connolly myself. He had more gall than any other man I ever know.

The day that Sharkey was to fight Jim Jeffries at Coney Island there were so many persons trying to get at Sharkey with advice and everything that when we went to eat in a private room of Cohen's Hotel Captain of Police Williams had two of his picked men stand at the door to keep people out.

We were alone, Sharkey and I, when we looked up, and there, looking over Tom's shoulder, stood Connolly.

"Blime me," he was saying to Tom, "eating roast beef! Why don't you eat mutton? That's what a fighter should eat—mutton!"

Sharkey, who was trained to the minute, and very irritable, jumped to his feet with an oath.

"I'll chew your heart out!" he roared.

Only the fact that I jumped up too and shoved Connolly out saved him.

One-Eyed Connolly was a real character, the greatest "macer" as the English called a "moocher," that the fight game ever had, but he was a very amusing fellow, and he was missed when he died about 15 years ago.

Leo P. Flynn, Man of the Hour

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

LEO FLYNN, who is credited with getting Dempsey in trim for his first bout in his attempt to regain the heavyweight title, struck it rich when he tied up with the Manassa Mauler. Not that the former sheik of Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue is broke, because Leo has been swimming in wealth from the day he first teamed up with Tex Rickard in the old Garden. But it did his heart good to become Jack's business manager—and trainer, if you please. He had the so-called "Hollow Shell" in about as good physical condition as Dempsey could get himself into, and then he drove him on to victory over Josef Cucoskey, better known as Jack Sharkey.

In the days when free lunch was a delicacy on the Bowery, Leo was a wizard with the cue. He could play rings around pool players the whole and breadth of the land. He won a small "fortune" on the eighth ball. As goldbacks succeeded dimes and nickels Leo emigrated to the Roaring Forties running between two Marmon cars. He spent his evenings walloping the bankrolls of the smart alecks at snooker pool.

As the years rolled on his heavy white-haired brow, the Silver King decided to rub elbows with the swells on the golf links. In less time than it takes to tell it, Leo took to the ancient Scotch game as a duck takes to water.

Has Flow of Oratory

Leo has a flow of oratory second to none. He can make a deaf and dumb man laugh. Soon he had the tired business man in stitches. Flynn in a golf layout is a scream. But he knows his golf, as many players on the Metropolitan courses will admit. Soon he had them winging for their bankrolls winning good big bets on one hole.

Billy La Hiff, boss of the Tavern, spent many comfortable afternoons in Leo's company. Then Rickard decided to conserve his health. He took to golf. In no time La Hiff, Flynn and Texy were bosom golf companions.

The companionship widened until La Hiff and Rickard would shed tears if Flynn didn't show up.

"About time the 'Hollow Shell' decided his legs were strong enough to carry him through fifteen rounds with Jack Sharkey," remarked Rickard one day. "Well, get Leo Flynn to help Dempsey put on the finishing touches," laughingly suggested La Hiff to Texy.

A few days later, Rickard went golfing with Flynn and remarked:

"Would you mind business managing Dempsey?" adding:—"You'll be the boss of his training as well."

Leo took a good swing with his mashie, completing the first nine holes of play. He knew what was in the wind but he didn't make answer until Rickard repeated the question.

"Oh, well, if I can find time from my golf I will train Jack," answered Flynn, and dismissed the subject.

Leo P. Flynn

RETURNING from the links, La Hiff went to work on Rickard, pleading that he force Flynn to grab up the managerial reins of the managerless Dempsey.

Dempsey had arrived in New York. After he was closeted with the big promoter for a few minutes, Flynn was sent for. He still didn't appear anxious for the job until he was assured he would be the big gun at the camp, and then he took over the reins.

Leo made a man's sized job of the assignment and our chapeau is off to him. He's from the old school and knows his pugilistic onions. With him at the helm, Jack Dempsey stands a fine chance to regain the crown and be the first heavyweight champion to do so.

The Dempsey corner worked perfectly in the bout with Sharkey. Bill Duffy helped to put victory across in a manner that made him the greatest second of all time. While Referee O'Sullivan was debating whether to call it a foul or not, Duffy hollered at him to take up the timekeeper's count. The command startled O'Sullivan so that the next moment he fell in line and officially tolled off the ten seconds.

Wonderful team—Flynn and Duffy. If the two were in back of Dempsey in the rain soaked Sesqui Philadelphia ring last September Jack might have come through in spite of his trials and tribulations.

SO IT GOES
By Grantland Rice
In the New York Tribune

Once Upon a Time—
You recall that ancient rhyme.
Things were better then? Perhaps.
But they also had their raps;
There were knockers then, as now,
Of the high and lower brow,
And, unless old records lied,
Very few were satisfied.
You could hear the anvils chime
Back in Once Upon a Time.

Yes, they once panned John L.,
And they gave Jim Corbett hell,
And I have before me here
Stories calling Cobb a smear;
And one expert paused to write:
"Who said Gans could ever fight?"
We've made heroes of them since
Who one day were called a quince,
And the blokes we're panning now
Soon will draw the laureled brow.
(Copyright in the New York Herald-Tribune)

Notice to Our Readers

The next issue, a special Dempsey-Tunney number, will be devoted exclusively to the heavyweight championship battle.

This issue will contain many interesting stories of past heavyweight bouts and many photographs of former champions and bouts in which they figured with many pictures pertaining to the life of Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney.

To make sure you are able to obtain a copy or more as you'll want this work of art for future reference or to paste in your scrap book,

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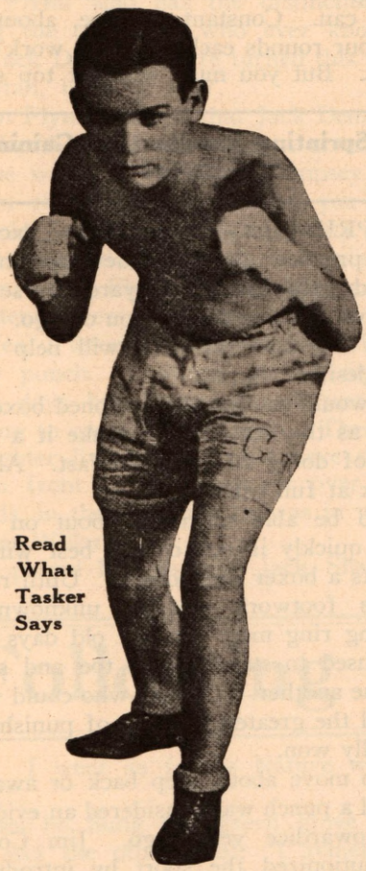

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You will be taught a shifty, puzzling style, with your bag so full of tricks and surprises that every opponent you meet won't know from one minute to the next what new tactics you are going to unfold. With that you are taught every possible move your opponent can make and how to smother his attack before he can make it.

Everything that the World's Greatest Trainer knows about boxing has been set down in one Complete Course that you can master just as *thousands of others have, without stepping outside your home, or interfering with your work.*

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Every six months 30 DeForest Champions are chosen from the students who have completed the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course—3 from each division. Backed by the Jimmy DeForest okay, these boys are endorsed and recommended to the leading fight promoters for actual and immediate ring engagements. Just that one recommendation—"He's a Jimmy DeForest trained boxer"—carries with it a world of prestige and influence with the promoters who are clamoring for new material for star bouts, and searching the country over for it. The prominent men comprising the Jimmy DeForest Advisory Board of Promoters are enthusiastic over this plan because it not only brings promising boys to the front at once, but also is a great benefit to the boxing game.

Opportunities Simply Unlimited

See what Geo. Tasker, of Rumford, Me., did. Until he took the DeForest Course **he never won a contest in his life.** "Since then," he writes, "I have engaged in **nine contests, winning all but one**, which I lost on a close newspaper decision." Tasker is only one of scores whom the DeForest Course has put on the road to Fame and Fortune. The same opportunity is knocking at YOUR door. Grasp it NOW, on the eve of the biggest boom in the history of Boxing. Promoters are constantly asking us to recommend good boys—boys with fighting hearts. Are you that kind of a lad?

Results Count: Here Are a Few Testimonials From Lads Who Have Taken This Marvelous Course. Read What They Say. We Have Hundreds More Like Them!

"Since I started in with your lessons I developed myself very much. I am running 18 miles per week and my footwork is very good. I am also gaining much speed and wind."
—JEROME TURK, Goerck St., New York, N. Y.

Note: Turk has fought 10 exhibitions. Won 6 by K.O., 2 on decisions and lost two on points. Has style like Delaney.

"Your Course is splendid and I advise all that I come in contact with who have ambition and want to reach the top, to take it. I notice good improvement in my health, and my wind is better. Emphatically I can say I am more than satisfied with my development since taking your Course."
G. M. COWIE, Calgary, Alta., Canada.

Note: Cowie, now the featherweight champion of the Province of Alberta, Canada, gives credit for his success to his instruction by mail from the Jimmy DeForest Boxing Course.

John Poukish, Newberry, Pa., writes: "I'm getting along fine. I think the lessons are great. My wind is good. One good thing about your lessons is that when you learn something, you are sure it is right. I notice a big improvement in my health."

The local newspapers hail Poukish as the coming lightweight aspirant. He has been in 8 bouts, winning all but one, the last being a draw. His opponent had 47 ring battles and outweighed Poukish 16 pounds.

"Your Course is splendid, and I advise all who want to learn the game from the ground up, to take it. My general health has greatly improved as a result of this Course."
WM. MUNNELLY, Salem, Mass.

Note: Munnelly is a middleweight who has engaged in 18 bouts and never once knocked off his feet. That means he was never beaten.

"When you sent me your Certificate of your Boxing Course, you said you would be glad to hear of my progress in the fighting game. I have had five bouts and have not lost yet. The first two were draws, one with Mickey Herbert at 125 pounds, and one with Joe Domino, a Philippino from Seattle. The last three bouts I won by K.O.'s."
JOE STARK, Winatchee, Wash.

"I had the gloves on with an old timer for a real scrap and knocked him out in a minute and a half, after having only the third lesson."
D. MASTROIANNA, 313 Front St., Schenectady, N. Y.

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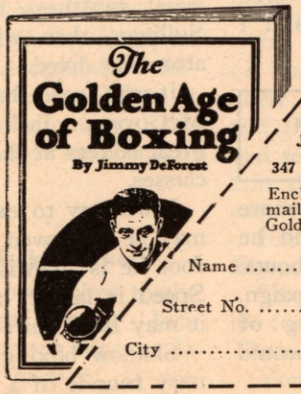

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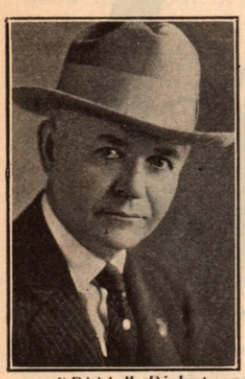
Kid Lavigne, Champion Lazy Man of the Ring

By "BIDDY" BISHOP



"Biddy" Bishop

THE ring has known scores of indolent stars, a number of them champions.

Jess Willard was always free, even eager, to declare that he never liked boxing, that he was averse to hitting an adversary, and that he went into the ring solely to make money.

Had Willard the "fighting heart," the instincts of a born battler, and a few of the attributes of the cave man, he might have been a champion unbeatable. He was, in his prime, big and strong enough.

Jack Johnson never cared much about the boxing business and used it merely as a means of earning money. Early in his career he developed a desire to box only when he was forced to add to his bank roll. Later Johnson would never consider boxing unless he really had to.

I believe the champion lazy man among champions was Kid Lavigne, former world's lightweight title holder, who was the greatest 133 pounder the ring ever knew.

When Lavigne held the championship I trained him for many of his important battles, including the still-talked-of bout with Joe Walcott at San Francisco which was one of the big fistic classics of the west.

It was a difficult job to train the Saginaw Kid, viewed from any angle, but the hardest part of it was to keep Lavigne sober between matches. The record achievement along this line covered a period of 11 consecutive days, and I still point with pride to this feat.

Lavigne Wanted Long Rests Between Rounds

LAVIGNE would never consider more than one match at a time and he wanted plenty of vacation between bouts. He would never discuss a campaign. When the possibility of a string of matches was suggested the Kid would invariably reply

"Let's get this one out of the way first. Then we'll talk about the next one." All of which pointed out that the Saginaw wonder did not care about the glove game, but he was one of the finest little fellows I ever met and one of the greatest fighters of all time.

Training rules and regulations meant nothing to Lavigne. He was a man of tremendous strength for his weight and a punishing hitter. He believed his natural ability and his marvelous power of resistance would carry him through. These attributes did carry him far, but, as is invariably the case, dissipation exacted its toll and Lavigne dropped his title in a 20 round battle with Frank Erne after "Mysterious Billy" Smith had whipped him in a contest at San Francisco that did not involve the lightweight championship. Subsequently George McFadden beat him and great Saginaw Kid was through.

Had Lavigne listened to reason, had he taken care of himself and evinced intelligent interest in his work, he would, in all probability, have retired undefeated.

Speed and Trained Eye Requisites for Winning Boxer

SPEED and a trained eye are two requisites that combine to make a winning boxer. True, there are other essentials needed but a boxer who commands precision and who is likewise fast with his hands, and who can step in and out quickly will often get by with little else to recommend him.

Mike Gibbons' remarkable speed made him one of the greatest boxers the ring ever knew. It was Jim Corbett's unusual swiftness that whipped John L. Sullivan, than whom no greater gladiator ever lived.

It was speed that kept Joe Gans, Terry McGovern, Jack Dempsey and other great boxers at the top in their respective classes.

I will try to explain how one's speed may be improved. If a boxer is fast of foot he is likewise fast with his hands. Speed is largely a natural gift although it may be acquired.

Shadow boxing, going through imaginary rounds of a contest as fast as one's feet and legs will carry him, is beneficial. Try it. Step in, out, to the side, in again, back and forth, as quickly as you can. Constant practice, about two to four rounds each day, will work wonders. But you must work at top speed.

Sprinting Excellent for Gaining Speed

SPRINTING is another excellent practice for the development of speed. Run over a 40 yard course four or five times as fast as you can go. Once each day this sprinting will help bring the desired results.

I would caution the seasoned boxer, as well as the beginner, to make it a practice of doing all exercises fast. Always work at full tilt.

To be able to move about on your feet quickly is one of the best winning points a boxer can possess. Until recent years footwork was an unknown art among ring men. In the old days boxers used to stand toe to toe and swing at one another. The one who could withstand the greatest amount of punishment usually won.

To move about, step back or away to avoid a punch was considered an evidence of cowardice years ago. Jim Corbett revolutionized the sport by introducing footwork. The merit of it was quickly seen. To-day a boxer without good footwork has his own troubles and must "take them," as the saying goes.

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Pueblo Jim Flynn Picks Dempsey to Win

By DENNIS LANDRY, Jr.

JAMES FLYNN, operator of the Flynn Taxicab service here in Phoenix, Arizona, with a stand at Washington and Central streets, and Pueblo Jim Flynn, the Pueblo firemen, are one and the same. He is the same Jim Flynn who has the distinction of being the only man who ever knocked out Jack Dempsey. He turned this trick in Utah, back in 1917.

Jim Flynn predicts that Jack Dempsey will be the next heavyweight champion of the world. "I believe Dempsey will regain the championship and you will find old Jim Flynn sitting up pretty close to the ringside to see Jack regain his crown," said Flynn to The Ring correspondent a few days ago.

"Yes, I knocked Dempsey out with a lucky punch. I wasn't so bad myself those days but Dempsey was just beginning to come into his own. There is no fighter living who could have stood up in front of Dempsey for over five rounds, in the condition he was in when he beat Willard.

"I picked him to beat Jack Sharkey and if he can make his comeback unanimous by licking Tunney, he will be the most popular champion that ever lived."

Pueblo Jim Flynn

Jim Flynn is one of the most sought after personages in Phoenix just before any big battle. They all want the opinion of the man who knocked Dempsey cold—something no other fighter ever did.

Although Jim Flynn was never a great boxer, he became the most outstanding of the "white hopes" before Jess Willard, when Jack Johnson held the title. Flynn was purely a fighter and his gameness has never been questioned. He was the Bat Nelson of the heavyweight class, always willing to take punishment to land a few blows of his own. Flynn fought Johnson for the title at Las Vegas, New Mexico, on July 4, 1912, the police halting the contest in the ninth and referee Ed Smith awarding the bout to the negro.

Anyone seeking out Flynn in this city of the Desert, will find him at his taxi stand, a quiet good-natured gentleman, with the appearance of having once been a fighter.

"I haven't taken a vacation for quite a while but I will go east to see the Dempsey-Tunney scrap," were his parting words as he drove some customers away.

Following The Fistic Trail -

(*Continued from page 7*)

fight. I went as far as Nature would allow."

Then he flung one green glove this way and the other, that. I remember to this minute trying to block one of the soggy mittens as it sailed out of Bob's hands, but somebody else got the souvenir. The next day, Jeffries couldn't have got a washtub on his head for a hat. Bob Fitzsimmons had left his visiting card and gone his way into oblivion.

* * *

Still Another Stirring Windup

ANOTHER heavyweight championship finish still is talked about. The man who gave the decision at the end of twenty-five rounds has long since passed on down through the purple shadows, but his judgment in the matter, even unto this day is disputed by old timers.

In 1899, five months after he had knocked out Fitzsimmons for the title, Jim Jeffries fought Tom Sharkey twenty-five rounds at Coney Island, N. Y. It was one of the most savage ring battles of all time. Little Sharkey, pitifully handicapped as to size, height, weight and hitting ability, plunged into the bear-like Jeffries for the full route.

At the end of the twenty-five rounds George Siler lifted Jeffries' right glove and proclaimed him "still champion" as Joe Humphreys would say.

Bitter denunciations, wrangles and never ending arguments followed the decision, but time, somehow, seems to to have borne out the justice of Siler's verdict. Jeff broke three of Tom's ribs that night and ruined his career in the ring. The waiting Jeffries simply crushed Tom in as if he had been an egg.

Sharkey was soft picking for the real fighters after that though in truth he knocked out his next six opponents following the fight with Jeffries. When it came to Ruhlin and Fitzsimmons, Tom wasn't there. Jeff had left the imprint of his branding iron.

* * *

Solar Plexus Beat Jack Sharkey

IN my opinion it was body blow to the solar plexus that ended Jack Sharkey's march to Tunney's throne. In this case it was a right hander. If you get an opportunity to see the pictures, you will notice that body punches were hurting Sharkey long before the much discussed "high" or "low" blows landed.

The left hook to the chin of course ended him. It was the blows coming before this that have caused all the talk. You'll see Sharkey bending away from three or four in a row but just before these four blows land, another right bends him double and he backs far away.

No matter where the disputed blows landed, Sharkey was trying to get away from those devilish body whacks. They were killing him. He never could stand body punching.

In all his fights he has complained of body blows being low. Leo Flynn knew this. He had had Jack Renault and Bud Gorman in against Sharkey. He had seen him fight others. He was certain that a body attack would make it easy for Dempsey.

Each time Dempsey left his corner, Flynn shouted:

"Keep at that fellow's belly. Don't hit for his head until he begins to whine. Then, you've got him."

You will have to admit that Flynn at least knew his Sharkey.

In Our Question Box

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

O'Donnell Gallagher, Huntington, W. Va.

Q. — (1) Give the exact date of Paddy Ryan's death. (2) Who refereed the George Dixon-Nunc Wallace battle in London, June 27, 1890? (3) Were there any real known photographs taken of the Sullivan-Corbett battle at New Orleans?

A.—(1) No record. (2) G. H. Vize. (3) No.

Jack Torres, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who would win the following bouts: Blas Rodriquez vs. Black Bill, Al Brown vs. Bushy Graham, Benny Bass vs. Phil Rosenberg?

A.—Rodriquez, Graham, Rosenberg.

Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—How is Willie Siegel rated?

A.—Third rater.

Melvin Igou, Trone, Pa.

Q.—(1) Is hitting in the pit of the stomach a foul? (2) Did any heavyweight ever stage a comeback? (3) Who would win between Tunney-Dempsey and Paulino-Sharkey?

A.—(1) No. (2) Yes; Willard, Dempsey, Weinert. (3) Tunney, Paulino.

Constant Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Has a manager a right to claim money from a preliminary boy? How much does he get? (2) If a boxer gets his own bouts does he have to pay his manager a share?

A.—(1) Yes; 33 1-3 per cent. (2) If he is under contract he must pay his manager the regulation 33 1-3 per cent. "cut."

J. S. Laingan, Hialeah, Fla.

Q.—(1) Who will win the next Dempsey-Tunney bout? (2) Has Dempsey officially ever been knocked out? (3) Who held first light-heavyweight title?

A.—(1) Tunney. (2) Yes. (3) George Gardner.

A Constant Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Was Jimmy De Forest at one time a great prize fighter? (2) What are the Golden Rules for an athlete?

A.—(1) No. A noted trapezist and later noted trainer. (2) Only one. Keep in good physical condition.

Paul Dionise, Big Rapids, Mich.

Q.—Did Bartley Madden ever fight as a middleweight and did he ever fight Johnny Wilson?

A.—No.

Jimmy Smith, Hilton, N. Y.

Q.—Who did Freddy Welsh win the lightweight title from, and where?

A.—Willie Ritchie, London, England.

A Ring Reader, New York City.

Q.—I am twenty years old and weigh 145 pounds. I don't know how to box, but am considered a good fighter. Every time I fought I knocked my opponent out. Where can I get in touch with a manager?

A.—Look up Billy McCarney, Publicity Building, 47th Street and Broadway.

Michael Marini, New York City.

Q.—(1) Who is the best boxer today? Best defensive fighter? (2) Which is the most dangerous punch? (3) Who are the leading challengers of the various divisions?

A.—(1) Sid Terris. (2) Any punch if received when weak from punishment. (3) Heavyweight, Jack Dempsey; light heavyweight, Tommy Loughran, Leo Lomski; middleweight, Tiger Flowers; welterweight, Tommy Freeman, Sergeant Baker, Ace Hudkins; lightweight, Sid Terris; featherweight, Red Chapman; bantamweight, Tony Canzoneri, Bud Taylor, Vic Burrone; flyweight, Newsboy Brown.

Joseph Berman, New York City.

Q.—(1) I am six feet tall and weigh 112 pounds. Shall I join the amateurs? (2) What are the three best punches to keep an opponent away? (3) I have no fighting heart. Do I need one?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Left jab, left hook, right cross. (3) Would advise that you dig one up.

Ring Reader, Allentown, Pa.

Q.—Can a boxer be ruptured and fight?

A.—No.

Al Viespi, Corona, L. I.

Q.—(1) I am eighteen years old, weigh 145 pounds, and am 5 feet 8 inches tall. What class am I in? (2) Has Paulino any chance of becoming champion?

A.—(1) Welterweight. (2) Yes.

George Brush, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who was the hardest hitting lightweight in Joe Gans' time? (2) Who had the longest reach in the ring? (3) Which is the harder punch, the hook or uppercut? (4) I am eighteen years old, weigh 142 pounds and am 5 feet 6 1-2 inches tall. Could I make the lightweight poundage?

A.—(1) Joe Gans. (2) Fred Fulton and Jess Willard, 83 1-2 inches each. (3) Both effective. (4) Not and retain your strength.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) How do you rate Lew Kersch? What weight is he? Has he a chance for the title? (2) Is a fighter allowed to wear glasses? (3) What manager would be interested in an amateur fighter?

A.—(1) Topnotcher. Featherweight. He has a mighty good chance to become a champion. (2) No. (3) Arthur Yende, Madison Sq. Garden.

S. A. B., Saint Pierre, Canada.

Q.—(1) What sentence did the fellow who murdered Stanley Ketchel get? (2) Who was the most scientific boxer of all times? (3) Who is the most scientific boxer in the ring today? (4) Which is the harder, a glove or bare knuckle blow?

A.—(1) Life. (2) No one man. In the classes: Mace, Corbett, Ryan, McCoy, Britton, Gans, Leonard, Terris, Dixon, Driscoll Wilde. (3) Terris. (4) Knuckles cut; glove stuns and is more effective.

Maurice, New York City.

Q.—(1) What class is Joe Scalfaro in? How would you rate him? (2) I am sixteen years old, weigh 140 pounds, and am six feet tall. What division am I in? (3) Who is a good manager to get in touch with?

A.—(1) Bantam. Second-rater. (2) Welterweight. (3) Billy Gibson, No. 41 East 42nd Street.

A Ring Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who would win in the following bouts: Petrone vs. Canzoneri, Dempsey vs. Sharkey, Terris vs. Kid Kaplan?

A.—Canzoneri, Dempsey recently whipped Sharkey, Terris.

A Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) What is the position of the hand landing hook to jaw? (2) Was Eddie Foy a good boxer, and what does he do now?

A.—(1) Wrist is turned so knuckles are up. (2) As boxer he was and is a good comedian.

George Mealey, Portland, Me.

Q.—(1) How can I get in touch with Mysterious Billy Smith? (2) Who was the biggest man that ever fought in the ring?

A.—(1) Believe he is located at Oakland, Calif. (2) Jess Willard of the moderns.

Billy Kelly, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—What exercises can I take to increase my height?

A.—None. Exercise will decrease weight.

James Ryan, Walla Walla, Wash.

Q.—Can a draw decision be given in a championship fight?

A.—Yes.

Constant Reader, Los Angeles, Calif.

Q.—What is the address of Billy Grupp's gymnasium in New York?

A.—No. 252 West 116th Street.

Jack Greenberg, New York City.

Q.—I am seventeen years old, 5 feet 3 1-2 inches tall and weigh 110 pounds. What can I do to build myself up?

A.—Weight is sufficient for height.

J. S. R., Union City, N. J.

Q.—(1) I am 5 feet 9 inches tall, sixteen years old and weigh 185 pounds. How tall will I be at full growth? What would be my fighting weight at present and at full growth? What division would I be in? (2) Who are the harder hitters in order—Tunney, Sharkey, Dempsey, Delaney, Paulino, Maloney.

A.—(1) Six feet 2 inches, 180, 196. Heavyweight. (2) Dempsey, Delaney, Maloney, Tunney, Paolino, Sharkey.

A Ring Fan, Prichard, Ala.

Q.—(1) What are the correct names of Peter Latzo, Mike Ballerino, Paddy Ryan, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan and Dave Sullivan? (2) Who was Jack McAuliffe's opponent on April 15, 1885, when he won the title, and in what round did he win?

A.—(1) Correct, correct, Patrick Ryan, correct, correct. (2) April 15, 1885. This was an amateur tournament in which McAuliffe defeated three men. On May 11, 1885, McAuliffe defeated Harry White. The victor challenged Jimmy Mitchen to fight for American lightweight title. Mitchen declined and McAuliffe claimed title. On Nov. 16, 1887, McAuliffe and Jem Carney, British champion, fought at Revere Beach, Mass., for world's title. The bout went 74 rounds and was called a draw by the referee after ring ropes were cut and crowd stopped contest. McAuliffe was thoroughly whipped. That was McAuliffe's only chance to win the world's championship. His claim to that honor has no foundation in fact.

Kid Pino, Bayside, L. I.

Q.—Who is the best Italian boxer fighting now?

A.—Joe Dundee.

A Ring Reader, New York City.

Q.—What manager in New York City could I get in touch with that would give me a tryout? I am eighteen years old, 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh 150 pounds. I have had no experience.

A.—Get in touch with Jimmy Bronson, Gaiety Theatre Building, 46th Street and Broadway.

Hans Mueller, Spokane, Wash.

Q.—(1) Must a fighter be twenty-one years old to fight ten rounds in New York or Chicago? (2) Who is a good manager to tie up with in the East?

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Lou Brix, No. 41 East 42nd Street, New York City.

A Reader, Montreal, Canada.

Q.—I am fifteen years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. Am I too young to start as a professional?

A.—Yes.

A Constant Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) What are the golden rules of an athlete? Who is the better trainer, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien or Jimmy De Forest? (3) Would it harm a fighter to drink home-made beer? (4) Where can I get in touch with Bob Fitzsimmons?

A.—(1) Only one. Keep in good physical condition. (2) Both men excellent. (3) Yes. (4) Dunnellen, N. J.

A Canadian Reader.

Q.—Who is the harder hitter, Dempsey or Sharkey?

A.—Dempsey by all means.

Tom Slater, Washington, D. C.

In your June issue, under the heading, "What do you know about ring rules and history?" you ask, "What fighter was known as the Sawdust Kid?" Then you gave the answer, "Kid Lavigne." Allow me to inform you that Lavigne was never known as the Sawdust Kid. He was known as the Saginaw Kid because he hailed from Saginaw, Mich.

In the same issue, under the heading, "In Our Question Box," you were asked to name the light heavyweight champions up to Delaney, and you gave among the list the name of Jack Root. Here you made another error, as Root was never champion. He and George Gardner were the first to fight for that title, and Gardner stopped him in twelve rounds. The fight took place at Fort Erie, Ontario. Success to your paper, The Ring.

The answer to the Sawdust Kid wrangle is supplied by Charles F. Mathison. He writes: "As a resident of Michigan at the time Lavigne started his boxing career I emphatically assert that he was often referred to as the 'Sawdust Kid,' as well as the 'Saginaw Kid.' Saginaw was a lumber city at that time and full of sawdust. As sports editor of the Detroit Free Press in 1882 to 1890 I frequently mentioned Lavigne as the 'Sawdust Kid.'"

Root never was light heavyweight champion. He was designated as the leading candidate for American titular honors. He was matched with George Gardner and lost. Gardner was the first titleholder.

Q.—(1) Could Jack Johnson have beaten Jess Willard? (2) Why isn't Tommy Loughran given a chance at Delaney?

A.—(1) Johnson was a shell of his former self when Willard stopped him. In his prime the big Negro could easily have whipped the Pottawmie giant. (2) Ask the promoters.

William Fleming, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 14 years old, 5 feet 5 inches tall and weigh 130 pounds. What class should I fight in? Where can I get a reliable manager?

A.—Believe you are too young to fight. Wait another year or two. You are in the lightweight division. Look up "Red" Mason, manager of the late Harry Greb. He lives in your city. Take his advice.

Leo Jackson, New York City.

Q.—How is Benny Tell rated among the flyweights?

A.—Second rater.

A Reader, New York City.

Q.—(1) Did Bob Fitzsimmons ever kayo Jeffries? How many times? In what rounds? (2) Please rate in order—Dempsey, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Jeffries, Johnson, Jim Corbett

A.—(1) Jeffries flattened Ruby Robert twice in 11 and 8 rounds, respectively. (2) Jeffries, Sullivan, Fitzsimmons, Johnson, Corbett, Dempsey.

Joseph Ovnick, Forest City, Pa.

Q. (1)—Who are some of the best southpaws in the game today? (2) In bygone days?

A. (1)—Honeyboy Finnegan, Tiger Flowers, Rosey Stoy, Lew Tendler, Sid Barbarian, Ed Keely, Solly Castellane. (2) Johnny Wilson, K. O. Brown, Al McCoy, Eddie Fitzsimmons. Ad Wolgast and K. O. Phil Kaplan began as southpaws but changed their styles.

F. R. O. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Who are the leading contenders in each division?

A.—Heavyweight, Dempsey; light heavy, Mike McTigue and Tommy Loughran; middleweight, Tiger Flowers; welterweight, Tommy Freeman, Ace Hudkins, and Sergeant Sammy Baker, about even; lightweight, Sid Terris; featherweight, Red Chapman; bantamweight, Tony Canzoneri, Bud Taylor, Vic Burrone; flyweight, Newsboy Brown.

M. Carol, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—How old is Billy Wallace? How can I get in touch with him? Is that his real name? How can I get in touch with Johnny Risko?

A.—Ray Campbell, boxing expert of The News in your city will supply you with information you seek on Wallace and Risko.

Jake Fishkind, Freeport, N. Y.

Q.—What are the nationalities of Sammy Baker and George Ward?

A.—Both Americans.

A Constant Reader, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—What nationality is Jock Malone? How old is he? How old was he when he started fighting? What is his best punch?

A.—Irish-American. Thirty. Nineteen. Left hook.

Frank Nelson, Long Island City

Q.—How good a welterweight was Jimmy Sullivan, once the stablemate of Willie Jackson?

A.—Second rater.

Henry Walker, Cincinnati, Ohio

Q.—I am twenty-four years old, five feet six inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. Am I too old to become a professional fighter?

A.—No.

A Constant Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—How old was Jack Dempsey when he started fighting?

A.—Twenty.

A Reader, Helena, Ark.

Q.—What are the prices of pictures in The Ring?

A.—$3 for old timers and $2 for modern scrappers.

A Constant Reader, Detroit, Mich.

Q.—(1) Are Fitzsimmons, McCoy and Battling Nelson still living? Where can I get in touch with them? (2) Who would win a Fitzsimmons-Tunney bout if they were in their prime? McCoy vs. Delaney? Battling Nelson vs. Joe Gans?

A.—(1) Fitzsimmons died in 1918. McCoy can be reached at the St. Quentin Penitentiary, California. Nelson is in Chicago. (2) Comparisons are odious, but we believe Fitzsimmons would have called the round on Tunney. A Delaney-McCoy scrap considered a classic, with the Kid a winner. Nelson and Gans clashed twice. In their first meeting in 1906 Bat lost on a foul in forty-two rounds. Two years later Nelson knocked out the Old Master in seventeen heats.

V. J. Franzone, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Is Sonny Smith still fighting?

A.—Now and then.

A Reader, Montreal, Canada

Q.—I am fifteen years old and weigh 135 pounds. Am I strong enough to fight at that weight as an amateur?

A.—Yes, but would advise that you wait another year or two.

Louis Angel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—(1) How can I get an amateur or professional license? (2) When and where was Aurelia Herrera born? Nationality?

A.—(1) Apply to A. A. U. headquarters and Boxing Commission respectively, in your city. (2) June 17, 1876, San Jose, California. Mexican.

Pat Sweeney, Hazleton, Pa.

Q.—(1) who are the best negro fighters in the game today? (2) Is Allentown Joe Gans as good as he was when he fought Jack Delaney? Who won? (3) Who was the first one to fight Tiger Flowers after he won championship from Harry Greb?

A.—(1) Tiger Flowers, Bruce Flowers, Chick Suggs, Allentown Joe Gans, Black Bill, Walcott Langford, Jack McVey. (2) Yes. Delaney. (3) Allentown Joe Gans.

Frank O'Donnell, Mt. Carmel, Pa.

Q.—What is meant by timing punching?

A.—Delivering blows so that they land with most effectiveness.

M. Underwood, Atlanta, Ga.

Q.—(1) Where can I get a book on how to train for boxing? (2) Where can I reach Sam Langford and Mike Gibbons by mail? (3) What is the largest purse a colored middleweight and lightweight ever received in a ring? Who were they? (4) Must one be an amateur before he can start as a professional?

A.—(1) Write to Nat Fleischer, editor of The Ring; he has them for sale; the price is $1.00. (2) Langford is in Chicago; write him in care of Warren Brown, Chicago Herald-Examiner. Gibbons can be reached at his home in St. Paul. (3) Tiger Flowers, $12,000; Joe Gans, $22.000. (4) No.

Ernest Baker, Winthrop, Mass.

Q.—(1) Who won the first round of the Dempsey-Tunney bout? (2) Did Dempsey beat Jack Sharkey?

A.—(1) Tunney. (2) Dempsey knocked out Sharkey in the seventh of fifteen scheduled rounds.

Abraham Sherman, Clarksdale, Miss.

Q.—I am fifteen years old, weigh 205 pounds, and am 5 feet and 10½ inches tall. Am I too young to start boxing?

A.—Yes.

Morris Leavitt, Bangor, Me.

Q.—Is there a stadium in Philadelphia that will hold at least 130,000 people?

A.—Yes. The Sesquicentennial Stadium accommodated 140,000 for the Dempsey-Tunney bout last September.

Frank Aguas, Tampa, Fla.

Q.—(1) Can Jack Sharkey beat Paulino? (2) How is Hilario Martinez rated? Can he beat Petrolle, Loayza or Terris?

A.—(1) No. (2) Second rater. No.

Robert Knapp, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—(1) Who would win between Henry Usse and Sammy Dorfman? (2) What fighters are in Billy Gibson's stable? (3) Will Paul Berlenbach make a successful comeback?

A.—(1) Dorfman. (2) Gene Tunney, Louis (Kid) Kaplan, Carl Duane. (3) Berlenbach was returned victorious in his last four starts of comeback campaign. Although most of the experts begged Paul to hang up gloves, the Astorian surprised all hands by knocking out Bob Lawson. His manager has induced Paul to retire.

A Reader, Charleston, S. C.

Q.—(1) Where and why was Stanley Ketchel killed? Where was he born and when? (2) Is there any boxer living today who has met and defeated Ketchel? (3) Was Packey McFarland ever called the "Chicago Strong Boy?"

Boxing in Europe

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

Special Correspondent to the Ring

PARIS, Aug. 3.—The big play in European boxing circles, this season, was the world's middle-weight championship battle between Mickey Walker and Tommy Milligan. The writer made a trip over to London, to cover the fight for the Paris edition of the New York Herald, and it was well worth the journey. In thirty-five years I have witnessed only two other fights to equal it and they were the Jeffries-Sharkey, and the Lavigne-Walcott, battles, in both of which I was the time-keeper.

Walker and Milligan, from the first clang of the bell, were at close range and exchanging hard blows, and for four and a half sessions the Scot had the better of the milling on points. Before Milligan went to his corner at the end of the fifth, he received a terrific right hander just below the heart that made him wince.

At the bell for the start of the sixth round, Walker went for the Scot in a most business-like manner to end the fight, and what punishment he did send in. Milligan forced Mickey to the ropes, but Mickey slipped clear and he sent blow after blow to the head and body. Several hard blows reached right over the heart of the Scotsman, who however kept trying hard, but the harder he tried, the worse he was getting punished.

He went to his corner a very badly beaten up fellow and very tired in addition. To experienced ring followers it was only a question of how long could Milligan last.

When Walker reached his corner, after the end of the seventh round in which Milligan was sent down twice for counts of eight or nine, he said to Jack Kearns:

"I wish they would throw the towel in. I hate to punish such a game fellow as Milligan."

Many others voiced the same wish, but the handlers of Milligan evidently thought he still had a chance.

The eighth and ninth rounds found the Scot receiving an ocean of cruel punishment, during these sessions he had been floored twice in each. One time he went flat on his face and it appeared to be all over. However, he managed to scramble to his feet just as the bell rang.

There were cries from all parts of the arena to stop the slaughter at the end of the ninth, but Milligan was shoved out of his corner by his seconds for the tenth. Walker, however, ended matters in the first minute by putting in a few left upper cuts and right hand smashes to the jaw, which toppled over the game Scot twice, the last time for the full count.

ENGLISH NOTES

At the Walker-Milligan match there were several Scottish pipers ready to strike up the "Cock o' the Walk," if Milligan had won the fight, but, alas and alack! Their opportunity never came, and they were dejected appearing "kilties" after the seventh round.

Jack Kearns and a few friends cleaned up quite a big piece of money on the fight. Kearns sent a man down to the home town of Milligan, a few days before the fight, and he gathered up many bets at evens, and some at 7 to 5, against Milligan.

Moe Mark, of New York, won a good sized pile on Walker. At the ringside Moe walked around before the start of the fight asking for bets and he offered 2 to 1 against Milligan. One fellow called out to Moe: "Hey, I'll take 12 to 5 for hundred quid." Moe answered back, "you would take a red-hot stove if you had a chance!" Other big winners over the fight were Dan McKettrick and Charlie Raphael. It was one great betting match and the Americans bet the Scots and the English to a stand still.

In England they are under the impression that Teddy Baldock is the world's champion because of his defeat of Archie Bell of the States. Anyway Teddy is coining money on the reputation of being the champion, whether that is right or wrong. He is now a writer of special articles on boxing for a London daily, he is signed up for a movie picture play, and he has a long engagement for doing a turn on the stage.

Emil Egrel, a French middle-weight, was defeated by Len Harvey of England in thirteen rounds of a scheduled fifteen-round fight fought at the Ring of London. The fight was stopped by the referee after the Frenchman had received a very severe beating and was about all in.

Johnny Curley, the former featherweight champion of Great Britain, had no trouble defeating Frank Harvey, of Plymouth. The fight was stopped by the referee in the sixth round after Harvey had been knocked down three times and had been very badly punished.

Jack Kearns got quite a rise out of some of the sports writers in England when he suggested the Prince of Wales as referee of the match between Walker and Milligan.

One writer had it: "No one, except with the cheek of a Yankee, would suggest the name of the heir to our throne to referee the fight. Could we imagine our Prince shedding his coat in order to break Walker and Milligan?"

Jack Hood, the English welterweight, is out with a challenge to fight Mickey Walker, and his backers stand ready to bet £500 on the side. His backers state that they are ready to trade in wagers as much money as Walker's supporters care to risk.

Johnny Curley, one of England's star feathers who expects to visit this country.

A big summer business is being done at the Ring. In a recent fight held there, Billy Adair, of Bethnal Green, was defeated by an Italian named Prinio Ubaldo. On the same night a welterweight, George Wallin, from Birmingham, defeated George Richards, of Bow. Wallin is quite a youngster and good things are expected from him in the future.

Tom Berry is still at it. His recent fight was against Eddie Richie, who is hoped to be a rising young cruiser-weight for England. Berry managed to obtain the decision after 15 rounds of very even fighting.

Sybille, the lightweight champion of Belgium, defeated Phil Richards, of St. Georges, in 13 rounds at an entertainment held at Premierland. Richards, who is one of the rough 'em up kind of fighters, took the bout on at short notice to fill a vacancy. He was doing quite well up to the tenth session, when he began to tire. He was then given some of his own medicine from the clever Belgian, who put over some rough battling.

The boxing game is going very strong in England, Scotland and Wales this summer, and the boys who have any kind of reputations can get lots of work, but the general pay that is offered to box fifteen or twenty rounds is not very big.

FRENCH NOTES

The Dempsey-Sharkey fight attracted considerable attention in Paris, and never in any previous fight was there so much betting. All speculation that was done was at evens. There was a flood of Dempsey money and the Sharkey bettors were bet to a stand-still.

Jack Dempsey is the most popular foreign boxer that ever visited Paris, and if he were to return now he would receive a reception almost as great as the flying across the Atlantic men received.

After the fight against Tommy Milligan, Walker with his pals made a trip over to Paris, and while there he refereed a bout at the Cirque d'Hiver between Young Marty and Treves.

After the bout refereed by Mickey, a programme signed by all of the boxers present was put up for auction and it was bid in by Mr. Samuel Zucker, of New York, for 1,100 francs, and he gave it back for sale. Mickey Walker bid it in for 1,000 francs. The American champion then handed it down to a wounded soldier who was at the ringside, for which act he received a big hand. The two thousand odd francs received for the sale went to a fund for the benefit of soldiers injured in the war.

At the same entertainment the two lightweights, Paul Fritsch and Raphael, put up a rattling ten-round draw, and the Italian heavyweight, Albertini, was knocked out in the first round by a Frenchman named Bouquillon.

Bouquillon is one tough light heavyweight. He has had thirty-seven fights and he has won thirty-two by knockouts and five on point victories. The only time that he admits having been knocked out was when working at his trade as a miner. A huge block of stone fell on him and put him down for a three-hour count. Instead of going to the hospital, he insisted resuming work digging out coal.

Al. Brown, the Panama-American bantamweight, is still around Paris. If he is willing to go in on a percentage basis, at the entertainment which Promoter Dickson will run off for the American Legion in September, he can have the opportunity of doing so. Al. has made a lot of money since coming to France, but I doubt if he has saved much of it.

When Promoter Dickson decided to close down for the summer months, the Cirque de Paris and the Salle Wagram, the boxing managers did not like the idea of being kept out of some easy money for a couple of months, so they got together and ran off an entertainment at a hall outside the jurisdiction of Promoter Dickson. It was not the financial success anticipated and I doubt if they will attempt the experiment again.

However, it started up the works of Dickson, who rents his places by the year, and he will run an entertainment or two during the hot spell and use boxers outside of those used by the managers who broke in as promoters.

Gaston Lecadre, who recently boxed a draw with lightweight champion of Europe, Lucien Vinez, received a decision over Sirvain at an entertainment held in Paris the latter part of July. Lecadre is making great headway in the lightweight class and he should be favorably heard from in the future.

Georges Carpentier is still making a big hit in his music hall act, and he keeps playing to crowded houses. He expects to make a circuit of the American playhouses during the 1927-1928 seasons.

The French sport writers are having lots of fun over the American boxing writers who kept turning out wads of stuff to the effect that Dempsey was all in and too old for the game. "Of course many of the writers on sports never did anything themselves in athletics, so we will pardon same for ignorance," wrote one of the French writers.

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Seek to Legalize Boxing in Washington, D. C.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of eleven states where the American Legion has succeeded in making boxing legal, the District of Columbia Department of the Legion, in convention at Washington, D. C., July 21 to 23, voted unanimously that Congress be urged to pass a bill authorizing ten-round no-decision bouts under the management of the American Legion and under a Commission of three athletic commissioners.

Boxing has been illegal under the District of Columbia code for some time, but the law prohibiting it is a moss-overed antiquated statute forbidding "prize fights," "contests between man and beast," "bull fights," "cock fights," etc. The anti-"prize fight" statute of the District was framed about the time Sullivan and Kilrain fought their memorable battle in the Southland away back when grandfather was swinging on the garden gate.

But the long hairs and lobbyists, the professional antis with which Washington is always infested, have, each time a boxing bill was proposed, hauled out this old statute, dusted it off and managed to have their way. This in spite of the fact that the District of Columbia, turning out some of the highest class audiences in the ring game, ardently supported boxing in nearby Maryland arenas operating under the Maryland laws and also in the "tolerated" shows which, for a time, flourished under the "club system" within the District proper.

READERS who reside in States of the Union will find it hard to understand why Washington does not have boxing when the people there want it. They must not forget that Washington's residents, unlike other citizens, have no right to vote. And being voteless, they have taken it on the button so long, nodding meek acquiescence to each slight puff of oppositional wind, that the genus Washingtonia threatened to degenerate into a tribe of "yes men."

Now the Legion steps into the picture in Washington and, for the first time, ASKS for something. It is ten years since the Legion marched away, loaded up on candy, Red Cross sweaters, socks and PROMISES of everything and anything if they'd only go out and lay Kaiser Bill for the numerals from one to ten, both inclusive. Boxing is one of the things the Legion in Washington is now asking for in accordance with the promises.

The Washington Legionaire is about to find out if the war time soldier, sailor and marine is to be treated like the he-man he proved to be or whether the Congress pays off only on promises and Kipling was right with, "The tumult and the shouting dies, the captains and the kings depart, Lord God of hosts be with us yet, LEST WE FORGET!"

THE Legion wants boxing in Washington and is ready to put up a determined fight to get it. To the Legion proper, boxing is a means to an end. It opens the way to maximum Legion membership, adequate funds to carry on Legion relief work for the needy and indigent veterans, their widows and orphans, and gives to the public what it wants in the way of boxing, the only sport that was officially recognized in the world war to the extent of employing paid instructors to teach it.

Needless to say, the adoption of boxing laws in Washington, the nation's capital, would be a great boon to the game and fine example for the rest of the country.

If the boxing bill in Washington is made law, the major portion of the credit must go to the individual legionaire who framed this resolution and plugged at it for four solid years. That Legionaire is Captain "Heinie" Miller, U. S. M. C. R., Editor of "Our Navy" magazine, a former service championship boxer, manager, promoter and referee. He is a member of the Vincent B. Costello Post of the Legion, the post that introduced the boxing bill.

TRENTON FLASHES

By SOX PINTO

Absence of Trenton notes in the last two edition was due to the fact that this writer underwent an operation for appendicitis, but hereafter will appear regularly.

Boxing is at a standstill in Trenton. Sliff Smith, promoter, decided not to put on any shows until the fall. Most of the local boys have been kept busy out of town.

Joe Reno, Trenton's bid for welterweight honors, K.O.d Sammy Arronson, of New York, in the second round at the Ocean View A. A. in Long Branch. Reno shot a left to Arronson's mid-section, Arronson going down, claiming a foul. The referee was not in the position to see the blow, thus making it impossible for him to make a decision.

One week later Reno boxed Vince Dundee, brother of Joe Dundee, world's champion, at the same club. From this writer's summing up the bout was a draw. Two rounds for Reno, two rounds for Dundee and four even. The bout was very fast, not a dull moment in the whole eight rounds.

Joe Sharkey, who hails from Benton Harbor, Mich., now making his home in Trenton, boxed Sren Bergen, of Sweden, in the semi-final to the Reno-Dundee go. Sharkey dropped Bergen in the first round, the bell saving him from a K.O. In the second round Sharkey was slamming Bergen all over the ring when the referee stopped the bout. Both are welterweights.

Johnny Brennan, flyweight of Trenton, beat Sammy Marino, of New York, in the main bout of six rounds at Wilmington, Delaware.

Chick Emmons, of Trenton, scored a K.O. over Billy Davies in the second round of an eight-round bout at Johnny Burns club in Philadelphia. What looks like a natural for Trenton is a bout between Johnny Brennan and Chick Emmons. It should be a wow.

Jimmy (Fats) Pinto, trainer of Joe Reno, has taken Tony Sacino under his wing. "Fats" figures he has the makings of a great boy in Tony. Lots of luck, "Fats."

Young Terry, a youngster, who is making great strides, scored two victories in as many weeks at Long Branch. His first opponent was Johnny Beans, whom he K.O'd. in the first round. The second was with Lester Smith, winning in six rounds. Terry dropped Smith for a count of nine in the fifth round. These boys are rematched for a later date.

Tommy (Kid) Murphy has been on the side lines for over a month. He is now in training for several bouts that are pending.

Tommy (West) Mahon, light-heavy of Trenton, has been going along like a house-afire. His next important bout is with Matt Adge, of Philadelphia, at the ball park.

IN DRUMIGHT, OKLA.

Eddie Murdock, Sam Whitlock's eighteen-year-old welterweight, knocked down Bobby Vincent of Stillwater, Okla., four times in ten rounds in a bout here recently. The victor is a sturdy battler of the two-fisted type.

Wildcat Monte and Bradford Simmons won their fights in Tulsa, Okla., on the same card. Simmons knocked Jack Kerns of Albany out in the seventh round.

Eddie Murdock has lost only two of his 32 bouts since under the management of Sam Whitlock, who promotes boxing shows gratis for the American Legion.

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New York Boxing Notes

By LEFT JAB

Chicago next stop!

This pugilistic battle cry will gain in momentum as the day for the return heavyweight titular scrap between Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey approaches.

While millionaires, wealthy business men, society ladies and city and state officials will travel first "cabin," meaning first class accommodations on crack trains of the various railroads, many dyed-in-the-wool fans, managers and future cauliflower greats who can't afford the fare and price of ticket in one, will have to leave a week or two in advance and make the journey as best they can.

Brakemen will be on the lookout for some of the boys who undoubtedly will try to reach the scene of hostilities pilfering a ride on the roads. The betting is 1 to 3 most of them make the grade.

For the next year or two heavyweights will continue to rake in most of the shekels while the little fellows will have to be content with the leavings. Since the retirement of Benny Leonard the lightweight division has gone all to pieces. The featherweight class hasn't been anything like itself in a good many years. The death of Pancho Villa ruined the flyweights. Mickey Walker did more harm than good when he ruled as welter king. Joe Dundee is colorless but a good fighter. Johnny Dundee pulled a monumental bone when he surrendered his feather crown. Bantams? Good ones are as scarce as hen's teeth.

A fairly decent heavyweight is worth his price in gold.

Perhaps we may not live to see the day when another pair of flashy gladiators such as Jack Dempsey and Luis Firpo were will be duplicated.. Dempsey's and Firpos come once in a lifetime.

It may surprise you to learn that the publicity given Dempsey during his reign and more so after he was whipped by Tunney was worth all of $10,000,000 in advertising space! That's the truth.

Firpo, we gather from one of his South American friends, is very wealthy. Good investments have put him almost in the millionaire class. He goes on to state that the Wild Bull is anxious to fight again.

With the Sharkey-Maloney and Dempsey-Sharkey extravaganzas out of the way, the small clubs started to make a little money for the first time in a blue moon. Most of them, however, are still on the wrong side of the ledger. Bad year for them because of bad weather and the heavyweights.

Two more good fighters have seen their best days. Three, to be more exact. We have reference to Paul Berlenbach, Jack Bernstein and Tony Marullo. The trio should be compelled to hang up their gloves. Paulie, one of the greatest scrappers that ever lived, is almost punch drunk. Bernstein is as slow as molasses and Marullo is still absorbing punishment which in due time will force him to walk on his heels, literally speaking.

Berlenbach, like Dempsey, has a heart of iron or steel. In his last start he smashed his way to a kayo victory over Bob Lawson but with it all he satisfied 5,000 odd customers in the new Garden that he was all washed out. Dan Hickey is still trying to persuade Paulie that he should quit as this issue of The Ring is rushing to press. In his comeback campaign the former assassin beat four men but they didn't amount to much. The Lawson thing was the tipoff on him.

Paul has a world of money, a fine little wife and a host of friends.

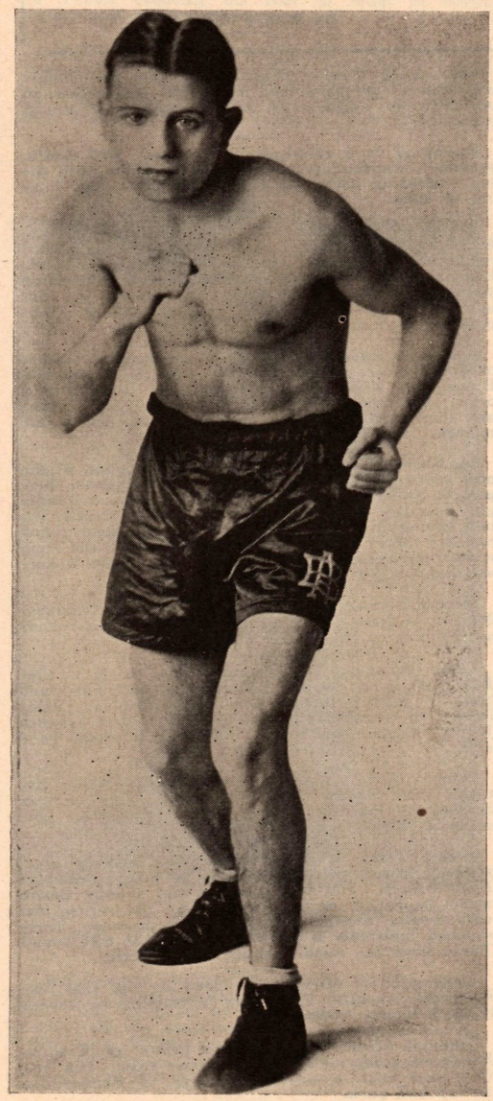
Bernstein, who was a very good performer some years back, took another shellacing at the hands of Bruce Flowers recently. The fact that Flowers was beaten to a pulp by Louis (Kid) Kaplan encouraged Jack and his followers. The admirers dropped a small fortune and Bernstein was on the outside looking in throughout the ten rounds they fought. When Bernstein was Bernstein he would have licked the New Rochelle Negro with one hand tied behind his back. Flowers is no longer a serious menace in the lightweight ranks. He's just an ordinary pug.

Saw Marullo, who also is a gamester, took two lickings in a row. Tommy Loughran out of shape belted him plenty and Maxie Rosenbloom practically put on the finishing touches on him. If his father who manages him has any sense he should force Tony to call it a day.

Tex Sullivan, Tex Rickard's head office boy, makes a little money on the side managing fighters. The popular little fellow touts Johnny Burns as the next "bantam champ." The Irishman from Brooklyn has defeated Frankie Bauman, Benny Tell, Harry Traub, Benny Brostoff, Danny Smith, Murray Levine, Frankie Gallagher and George Muigna—according to Mr. Tex Sullivan. "He is a great club fighter," pens Texy "and if you get a chance buy a ticket and see him perform at the Ridgewood Grove soon."

Eddie Anderson's kid brother Billy came through with his first victory at the Queensboro where he polished off Tommy Francis. Looks like a pretty good boy.

George Doherty, brother of the late Frankie Jerome, has resumed hostilities. In his comeback campaign the Bronxite trounced Joe Caruso in four tempestuous heats. In the first round Caruso floored George



Archie Bell, New York's great bantam, who will leave shortly for England where he will again meet Teddy Baldock.

with a right hook on the whiskers. Doherty arose at the count of four and piled right into his antagonist. From then on Doherty was master of the situation.

In spite of a setback at the hands of Benny Bass, there is no stopping Joey Glick. He travelled to Chicago a few weeks ago where he easily trounced Mike Dundee. Glick may be matched with junior lightweight champion Tod Morgan. The last time they clashed Glick gave a splendid account of himself considering a sprained left arm.

Joey Goodman, Ike Dorgan's southern feather, turned in another exhiliarating performance at the expense of Stanley Zeller. Ike's protege knocked him kicking in one heat. He fights Buster Brown in Baltimore shortly.

Jack Renault is coming back to the wars. He'll find the going rough.

The chubby "silent" Johnny Keyes is doing wonders for the Dexter Park Club. Nick Sassi scored a ten strike when he engaged the Mayor of Chinatown to make his matches. Thus far the little outdoor arena in the Jamaica section of Brooklyn shows a flock of figures on the right side of the ledger. The reason for this is the extraordinarily fine matches Keyes is putting on and the popularity of the prices—fifty cents to $2.

Joe Jacobs and Bill McCarney are associated with Walter Taylor in Cleveland. Thanks to the matchmaking abilities of Joe and Willum, Taylor is making a world of money.

Jerry Gardner, trainer of Honeyboy Finnegan and Jim Maloney, is laid up with blood poisoning.

Andy Divodi is in earnest training. The former Grand Central Station newsboy sustained a broken hand in his losing fight with Mushy Callahan. It was not until a few days ago that the popular boy could lace the leather mittens on his hands.

Although a majority of the experts have relegated Arthur De Kuh to the scrapheap we do not think he is through. The Italian giant turned in a disappointing performance against Leo Gates recently, but he can be excused for the good reason that he hadn't fought in a blue moon. Amy Mack, veteran handler, is not discouraged over his protege's showing. "He's still young and has lots to learn," clairions Amy, "and the time is not far distant when he will be tackling the topnotchers."

Charlie Doessereck has a mighty fine heavyweight prospect in Harold Mays, of Bayonne, N. J. Harold turned in an exhilirating performance at Humbert Fugazy's heavyweight tournament by knocking out Anderson (Buster) Martin after forty-nine sections of action in the seventh of ten scheduled rounds. The last time we saw Mays was against the larruping Leo Lomski. Mays gave the Pacific Coast lad a tough argument every second they were in there.

Another gladiator who made good in his first outing was Robert Roberti, giant Italian. He flattened Emanuel Jondis, of Glen Falls, in one minute and forty-five seconds of alleged fighting. If Roberti wins a couple of more bouts the Italians will crowd around him like so many bees. An Italian heavyweight titular prospect is worth his price in gold.

Jimmy Britt, California lightweight—no relation to the famous Britts of another era—is making a name for himself around these parts. In his first two starts he licked Henry Usse and Joey Dorando.

James J. Braddock is coming along like a house on fire. Jimmy dropped La Rocco twice on the Dempsey-Sharkey card and won hands down.

Jack McVey, Harlem brunette, is beginning to get wrinkles out of his tummy. He earned a fat purse and plenty of publicity by virtue of a kayo over Walcott Langford in Chicago. Maurice Cain is anxious to match his Negro with champion Joe Dundee. McVey boxed former titleholder Peter Latzo recently.

Solly Seeman is coming home from California because he can't get any work out there. He may be matched with Sid Terris at the Queensboro before the month is out.

Dan Hickey has a very good middleweight prospect in Dick Fullam. Dick has been knocking 'em bowlegged and there is no stopping him.

Vic Burrone, Greenwich Village Tiger, has returned to the wars after a protracted absence. He recently knocked out Jack Pettibone. He fought Sammy Dorfman in Cleveland a few nights ago.

Charlie Goldman is singing the praises of Harry Slabine, a featherweight, who has all the earmarks of a good fighter.

The tallest Filipino featherweight in existence won his first three fights on the Coast, his last victim being Willie Hoppe. Emanuel Pelkey is his name.

Archie Bell is going back to London to fight Teddy Baldock. He leaves next month. He will get $12,500 and three round-trip tickets.

Eddie Reilly, one of the Golden Gloves winners, has placed his pugilistic destinies in the hands of Mr. Jerry Pelton. Reilly is a featherweight.

Hymie Caplin, former trainer of Sid Terris, has a very promising bantam in Willie Singer.

Jack Moore is managing a Bronx heavy in the young person of Pete Hackett.

Notes From Canada

IN ALBANY, NEW YORK
By HERMAN BRAY

Eddie Dempsey, Philadelphia welterweight, and Georgie Levine of Brooklyn, went twelve rounds at the Troy Stadium July 25, with Levine dragging down the decision in a close fight. Dempsey had defeated Red Herring in a previous bout at the Troy club.

Leading boxers for these parts include Patsy Motta, middleweight; Young Teste and Billy Leonard, welterweights; Pete Petrolle, lightweight, and Bushey Graham, bantam.

Bill Bryant of Albany is making the matches for the Nonpariel Stadium at Rensselaer, across the and Tommy Gorman of Albany.

Billy Leonard, the crack Syracuse welter, who is managed by Jimmie Betts of Albany, has become the big card in Syracuse of late. Leonard took down two decisions over Eddie Burnbrook and Kid Alberts of Detroit also lost twice to Leonard.

Canastota Bob, Syracuse welter, was kayo'd in two rounds by Eddie Burnbrook at Star Park, Syracuse, July 27 on an all-star bill. In other bouts, Jackie Brady, Syracuse lightweight, and Honey Boy Finnegan of Boston went ten rounds to a draw, and Bobby Williams, Syracuse middleweight, fell before Charley Arthurs of Newark in five rounds.

There are some good upstate referees, who include Phil Reichert of Rochester, Jack Michaels of Syracuse and Tommy Gorman of Albany.

At the Rensselaer Stadium July 26, Pete Petrolle, the rugged Schenectady lightweight, went ten sensational rounds with Joe Trippe, Rochester star, to a draw decision. Petrolle seemed to have the edge. In another scheduled ten, Osk Till of Rochester scored a kayo over Johnny Haystack of Binghamton in the seventh canto, and Mike Marcellus, Rochester bantam, scored over Wee Willie Woods of Scotland in another ten spot. Charley Eck was trounced by Alex (Kid) Gibbons in a four spot.

Jimmie Betts, Albany manager, is trying to land Billy Leonard, his welter, a match with Joe Dundee, the champion.

NOTES OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.
By ROCKY CONTI

Osk Till, middleweight champion of Western and Central New York State, won his last two bouts with ease. At Jamestown, N. Y., he beat young Fisher in ten rounds, and on July 26 he K. O.'d Johnny Haystack of Binghamton in seven rounds at Albany. Till is now anxious to meet Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo.

Joe Trippe, well known lightweight champion of Rochester, also is going like a house afire. In his last two bouts he stopped Tony Vincent and boxed a draw with Pete Petrolle of Albany on July 27 in ten rounds.

Mike Marcells also had a good start at Albany. He easily defeated Willie Woods of Scotland in ten rounds. Marcells, who is known as Scrap Iron, is now anxious for a return bout with Tommy Ryan.

Joe Atta, the fighting barber, is taking things easy these days. Joe is only a preliminary fighter, but is a good club fighter.

Chubby Brown, who has met the leading lightweights, has opened a boxing school and is giving lessons to business men. Out-of-town boxers are always welcome at Brown's Gym, which is located at 67 West Main St. Boxers who are training at Brown's Gym are Oak Till, Joe Trippe, Mike Marcelles, Mike Dempsey, Paul Pernola, Joe Manuel, and several other good boys.

Joey Manuel, Rochester's promising featherweight, hasn't done anything since he stopped Frankie Garcia, Cuban featherweight champion, in 8 rounds at Jamestown. Elmer Wiednick, Joey's manager, is trying to match his protege with Red Chapman or Honey Boy Finnegan.

Tommy Burns, personal friend of Jack Dempsey and Jerry the Greek, Dempsey's trainer, won plenty on Jack in the Sharkey battle. Tommy invested his money the following day in a home. Now Tommy is waiting for the day that Jack meets Tunney again and expects to make another clean-up.

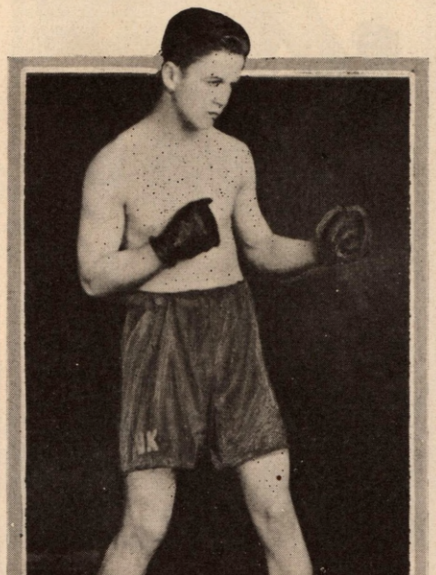
TORONTO AND VICINITY
By JACK JARVIS

Bobby Eber and Jackie Johnstone, Toronto boxers, have renewed ring rivalry at Vancouver where Johnstone won the decision after 12 clever, and hard fought rounds.

Both of these boxers claim the bantamweight title, but as they weighed in at the featherweight imit, the joust did not settle the controversy, despite the fact that the Boxing Federation conferred the honor on Jackie. Titles are won and lost in the ring, and until Jack wins from Eber at 118 pounds he will not get full Canadian recognition. There is, however, a growing suspicion that neither of the boys can balance the "Toledoes" at 118.

Stevie McDonald, Glace Bay puncher, and Chris Newton, fought another great battle to a draw at Sydney, N. S., after 10 rounds of fierce milling. The "ex"-champ appeared to have earned the call. Two thousand fans saw a good night's sport, and will likely roll back again when Newton boxes "Red" McDonald at the next show.

"Soldier" Jones, husky Canadian light heavyweight, has grabbed off what he terms a "cushy" job. "Jonesy" is working for a well known Toronto brewery, delivering and tossing beer by the barrels



Virgil Kincaid, a promising lightweight who hails from Buffalo, N. Y.

to thirsty Toronto folks. Jones also mentions that he had in tow, a young heavyweight prospect. If the protege can sock, like the former soldier, he will do! It will be remembered that Jones, in one of his several bouts with the late immortal Harry Greb, dropped him for a long and "slow" count. Harry had "cobwebs" in his brain for several rounds after, but came on to win in his well known spectacular style.

Jack McKenna, husky, brawny son of Nova Scotia, and one of the best middleweights in the dominion, won over George Fifield, Canadian welterweight champion. The boys were battling fiercely in the fourth round when McKenna landed a terrific blow to the stomach. The punch appeared decidedly low, and Fifield appealed for a foul, but the referee did not see it and ignored the plea. Fifield's claim was strengthened, as he was afterwards under the care of a doctor.

Ancient historic, Quebec City swung back into the game again and featured a ten rounder between Young Roger, the promising French-Canadian, and Elmer Watt. Watt made a re-entry in the charmed circle after a long holiday. Roger tippled the durable Watt over for a long count in the second but could not kep him down. A strong finish by the Toronto boxer earned him a draw.

Messrs. Beecham and How, local promoters, were all set to feature Larry Gains and King Solomon, but King Solomon postponed the visit. It is a long, long time since Toronto fans saw a battle. The first well-balanced card that appears should get a pretty fair house.

IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES
By LOUIS J. DONOVAN

Jack McKenna, of Sydney, N. S., knocked out George Fifield, of Toronto, in four rounds at Sydney recently. Fifield is holder of the Canadian welterweight title.

Fans in the mining towns now claim McKenna as the champion, but as both boys weighed over the welterweight limit, no title was involved.

A bout between McKenna and Pete August would prove a big thing to the Sydney fans, as August also flattened Fifield in a short session at Montreal.

The Canadian Boxing Confederation failed to recognize Roy Mitchell, of Halifax, N. S., as the light heavyweight champion of Canada in its recent list.

Jack Reddick, of Winnipeg, was the light heavyweight champ until Roy Mitchell socked him into dreamland in three rounds at Halifax last fall.

Jerry White, of Bayonne, New Jersey, flattened Bearcat Bishop in one round at Halifax, N. S.

Frankie Burns, former St. John boy, also manager of Roy Mitchell, light heavyweight champ, showed true sportsmanship at Boston recently when he offered Mitchell's services against any boxer a Boston promoter would pick. Mitchell offered his share of the gate to the widow of Harris McInnes, police officer who was killed in Charlestown, Mass.

Johnny McIntyre, of Cape Breton, N. S., is showing old time form through the States. He stopped Laddie Lee, at Portland, Me., in three rounds. Many Maritime admirers of Johnny would like to see him perform again down this way.

Any mitt artists who would like to show their wares in St. John, N. B., should write J. J. Donovan, matchmaker of St. John Boxing Club.

Louis Donovan outpointed Benny Vogel, of Milwaukee in a feature ten-round bout at St. John, N. B.; Kid Kergusoro, Halifax, N. S., defeated Pat Whipple; Bobbie Lee won on a foul from Bishop, N. S. Harvey Lunney and Danny Lee provided the best bout of the night, Lee getting the decision in a four-round bout. Billie Connell beat Charlie Joseph.

Willie Kid Kergursoro, globe trotter from Halifax, with Charlie Joseph, St. John boxer, left St. John July 7 on a walking tour to New York to enter the C. C. Pyle race. They were at Toronto July 28.

Joe Divine, Gordon Paris and Louis Donovan will likely appear against three outside boys at St. John this month in three ten-round encounters. Their opponents to be Joe Harnett, Halifax, N. S.; Kid Melanson, New Glasgow, N. S., and George Barber, of Toronto, Ont.

Nedder Healey, former welterweight champion of Eastern Canana, is now managing Red McDonald, Joe Hartnett and Ace Hogan, a colorful little scrapper. Nedder sure has a fine string of mitt artists.

Boxing fans at Syndey, N. S., should bring the leading contender for the middleweight title from Upper Canada with a sanction from the Confederation for a championship bout.

Steve McDonald and Chris Newton, former Canadian champion in the lightweight division, are slated to meet at Sydney soon.

Flyer Dave McNulty has won ten bouts and lost three by close decisions in amateur contests in and around New York City. Dave looks like a sure prospect for the Canadian Olympic teams. He is a whirlwind fighter.

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Broadcast from Chicago

By DUKE BARRY

WITH the advent of a newly organized boxing club to promote boxing on a high class scale in this city, Chicago fans will be in a position to witness some classics of boxing on a more elaborate plan in which it will be the policy of the new promoters to give the fans of the Windy City shows that will be of benefit to the sport locally and unquestionably should revive the sport to the pinnacle it belongs in this city. The Pioneer Sporting Club, the newly incorporated institution of catering to the fans of this city is now ready for action.

The fundamental principals of the new club will be to give the boxing enthusiasts of Chicago, boxing for sport. Its objective is not for mercenary gains, but to endeavor to bring Chicago to the fore as a boxing center in this country. It will feature nothing but high class encounters between evenly matched stars.

The Personnel of the new club are men of reputable standing in the business world. Their integrity cannot be questioned. Their financial resources are unlimited. The President, Frank W. Hagan of the Pioneer Sporting Club, is one of the leading businessmen of Chicago. He has been a leading merchant for the past 48 years on State street, and is known throughout the middle west as the "candy king." James Reilly, the treasurer, is equally prominent in local business and civic affairs as Mr. Hagan. The secretary, Ernest Kelly, qualifies fully as a businessman of standing in this section.

Frank Dane, one of the best known and squarest shooting promoters in the boxing world, whose sensational shows at Boston, and his more recent spectacular staged encounters at the American Capital, Washington, D. C., made many of the leading statesmen gasp with astonishment with the elaborate setting and features innovated, is the matchmaker.

The new club will feature their shows at both the big league ball parks and during the winter, in the Coliseum. The offices are in the City Hall Square Building. While Dane has not completed his card for his grand opening which will take place about the last of August, he stated, that "Honey Boy" Finnegan of Boston, and Joey Sangor of Milwaukee, have been signed for one of the big features. Another contest in prospect is between Genaro Pino, flyweight champion of Cuba, and an opponent to be selected.

During the month of July, the American Legion staged a banner set of encounters. In one of the four star "tens," Sergeant Sammy Baker of New York, walloped the talent by kayoing Mushy Callahan of Los Angeles, in nine heats. Stanislaus Loayza, the South American lightie, won the hearts of Chicago fans, by defeating Spug Myers. Fidel LaBarba, world's flyweight champion, trimmed Pal Moore, the human jumping bean. Fernandez, the new Filipino sensation, copped the duke over Joe Lucas of Detroit.

The Eddie Shea-Joey Sangor bout staged by Neils Veirup, with the veteran Nate Lewis doing the matchmaking, was not a financial success. Contrary to expectations, the crowds did not go out to Logan Square ball park to witness the encounter.

Chicago at this writing is priming itself to witness the contest to be staged between Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. Tex Rickard will stage it here.

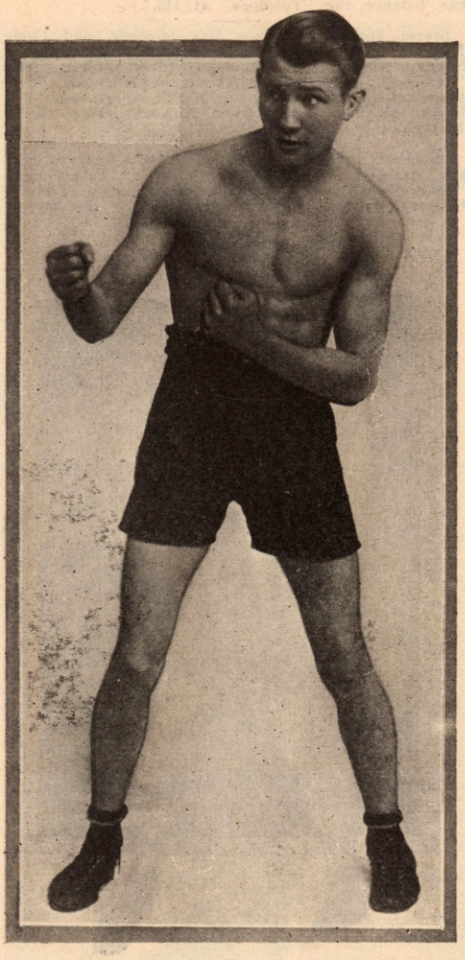
A bunch of money collectors; the boys that don't catch 'em, but collect the lubricant, were about plentiful during the month. There was George Blake, manager of Fidel LaBarba; Steve Webber and Luke Carney, with Sammy Baker in tow; Frank Churchill, squawking because The Ring did not state in its recent article, that Pancho Villa was the greatest flyweight of all time. Louis Blouey and Johnny White, sharing the honors that Stanislaus Loayza earned. Lou Brix, Sol "Goldie" Gold, Eddie Sears, who manages Mushy Callahan. Jack Hurley, engineer of the "Fargo Express," Billy Petrolle and others.

And before that great galaxy of experts from various parts of the country, flashed across the gym of Mullen's, Roleaux Saguero, light heavyweight champion of Cuba. The Cuban sensation showed the gallery just how a potential champion shapes up for action. The wise boys were loud in their praises of the marvelous punching ability and speed shown by Saguero. This will make the road still harder for the Cuban to secure encounters, for those fellows will assuredly tag the Cuban as dangerous all over the country.

Evidently, this Saguero must have a world of stuff, for Walk Miller, the southern pilot who guided Tiger Flowers into the world's middleweight championship, after seeing the Cuban in action, tried unsuccessfully to purchase all or part of the Cuban's contract. But, Saguero's manager wisely refused to listen to the lucrative offers that Miller made. Considering the source of the offer, this speaks volumes as to Saguero's ability.

Genaro Pino, Cuba's flyweight and bantamweight champion won some well merited praise also when he boxed with Fidel LaBarba, who at the workout outweighed the Cuban considerably, gave the champion plenty of action. The verdict of the experts was that Pino need not fear any flyweight in the world. With LaBarba weighing in at the flyweight poundage, Pino would be capable of giving Fidel a hectic evening of fisticuffing.

Pino showed his class when after three months of inactivity, he accepted a bout with Willie Davies of Pittsburgh, at Akron, Ohio, during July and made things quite interesting for the youth whom promoters have unsuccessfully tried to induce LaBarba to meet. For the first five rounds of their fast encounter,



Bud Taylor, bantam, who leads the field in quest of world title.

Davies failed to lay a glove on the mite from Cuba. It being a no-decision affair, opinions vary as to the winner. Pino is seeking a return engagement with Davies to show that he can master the Penn State Champion.

We accompanied Pino on his march on Akron. We renewed acquaintances with Suey Welch, the likeable promoter of that city; Jimmy Darrah, the middleweight; Maxie Holub, Ohio's state junior lightweight champion; "Bumdogs" Johnny Hannission, and Benny Burns, all of the fleet of Suey's great aggregation of nose denters. "Red" Hetzel, one of the best trainers in the game; Captain Vernosky of the Akron fire department. Chief Welch, Suey's handsome looking daddy; Eddie Davis, Akron's well known referee, and many others.

The popular Suey played host and gathering an armful of his faithful, we journeyed over to Cleveland, where we witnessed a corking good set of bouts staged by Walter Taylor, at his beautiful bowl of sock, where we met up with other old cronies of the racket. There was Billy McCarney of New York, Al Zill of Youngstown, Frank and Joe Buchannan, who looked after Willie Davies; Jimmy Dunn, Joe Lewis, Johnny Griffiths, Joe Kane of Newark, and a riffle of others, and last but not least, Mayor Taag of Cleveland, a regular fellow and a good sportsman.

Joe Lewis of Cleveland, who is associated with "Rubber" Goldberg, in the promotion of stellar classics in his home village, closed for the services of Roleaux Saguero, light heavyweight champion of Cuba. Lewis will flash the "sunburnt" Cuban at his show scheduled for August 23rd, with the best opponent he can secure.

Eddie Tobin, Chicago sportsman and manager of Joe Guinan, the fast and clever Philadelphia lightweight, has returned to the Windy City after traveling around the various fight centers to the east. Eddie info's that he has his star battler, who has never been defeated since their affiliations, signed to box at Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit. Guinan will also work for Fred Irvin, probably against Tommy Jones, during August. Tobin received a royal welcome upon his return.

Mickey Lennon, one of the best managers and trainers in the game, who previous to his entry in the Windy City, was a promoter and exploiter of boxers throughout Western Pennsylvania, has a corking good stable of knuckle whirlers. They are always in demand by mid-western promoters. The rotund Mickey has the Rychell brothers; Joe the flyweight; Ray the featherweight, and Charley weighing 120 pounds. Besides these famed stars, Lennon also looks after Morrie Gransberg, popular Chicago junior lightie, and John L. Sullivan, the Windy City heavyweight youth.

Fred Irvin is one of Chicago's few independent promoters who has staged some classic shows. Irvin has signed Roleaux Saguero, the Cuban sensation, to meet either Johnny Risko of Cleveland, or Chuck Wiggins of Indianapolis, in the feature number.

Henry Leonard, the East Chicago bantamweight who is one of the best battlers of his weight of this section, will soon step into some big time shots that his manager, Leo Fornaciari has lined-up for him. Leonard, weighing but 118 pounds, has decisions over Eddie Shea, Joey Sangor and boys of that caliber, which can be readily seen, he spots his opponents plenty of weight. His manager, the hustling Leo, is a go-getter and Leonard will undoubtedly cut a wide swath during the coming months.

'Tis a small woild! The other day we ran into Dave Cohen at a merry party in Chicago. This was our first meeting since we met in Paris in 1918, just after Dave won the featherweight championship of Battery A, 81st Field Artillery of the Eighth Division. Oui, oui, we dominciled in gay Paree on several occasions. Dave still has the medal that shows he won his title, but he no longer has the form of that time. To-day, he couldn't make the weight if he had both legs cut off.

Down in El Paso last month, a hombre battler took the name of "Irish" Mickey Gill in vain and was slashed into defeat in one heat. "Silent" Jack Tierney, who collects for "Irish" Mickey, let out a whoop that could be heard for miles from the Loop. It wasn't the original Gill, as Otto Flotto, the eminent sports writer of the Denver Post, can verify.

One of the most active middleweights of the Chicago district is Harry Roberts, the Adonis of the string managed by George Cone. This combination go along quietly winning battle after battle and considering that both are gentlemen, therein lies the reason why Cone keeps his protege busy.

"My" Sullivan, the St. Paul welterweight, who has no difficulty getting on Chicago programs, should let a Chicago gathering see him in action against "Irish" Kennedy, of the "Ham" Schilling string. Sullivan's manager has been ducking long enough. Kennedy qualifies fully, as his two draw battles with Billy Petrolle attest.

Enrique Valdes, Cuba's most popular boxer now located in Chicago, will probably swing into action in the New York district under the capable direction of Louis Blouey, manager of Stanislaus Loayza. Blouey is keen to handle the youth in the Metropolitan district, as he has seen the flashy Cuban in action in Havana.

Maurice Cohn, the popular matchmaker of Waterloo, Ia., had Roleaux Saguero, the Cuban meet Earl Blue, Jack Hurley's light-heavyweight, at his club on August 11.

Eddie Stanton announces that his Oriental flyweight, Kid Jap, is on the firing line ready for action.

Tommy "Kid" Williams, from points south and a dandy little flyweight mixer, has arrived and placed himself under the management of Mickey Lennon.

From Pennsylvania and Louisiana

PHILADELPHIA NOTES
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

Matt Adgie, the West Philadelphia light heavyweight, who made his start on an ice wagon, showed a hefty punch when he put away Tommy West Mahan of Trenton in the tenth round at the Phillies Ball Park recently. Adgie is now being groomed for bigger game and may get a bout with Tommy Loughran before the summer season is over.

Rosey Stoy of Lancaster has filed a formal challenge with the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission to meet Benny Bass, the hard hitting Philadelphia featherweight, for a state title bout. Bass is the present state champion.

Charley Loughran, not related to the South Philadelphia light heavyweight, has been added to the stable of Otto Hughes. The newcomer is a lightweight and is doing his training at Herrmann's.

Leon Rains, Philadelphia's veteran fight promoter, has announced his "comeback." He will take charge of the Arena in September, having signed a three years lease. Rains formally made the announcement at a dinner to fifty friends at the Locust Club, July 26. Mr. Rains has been identified with the boxing game for more than a dozen years but for the last few years has been confining his interests to other business. He will run his first indoor show, Sept. 26.

Jack Gross, the south Jersey heavyweight, who battles under the colors of Max (Boo Boo) Hoff, continues to pile up knockouts. He stowed Sailor Maxted of Jersey City away in the first round recently.

Jim Godfrey, the big colored fighter, handled by Jimmy Daugherty, who bowled over one opponent after another on the coast, makes his first Philadelphia appearance in almost a year when he meets Jim Maloney of Boston, at Shibe Park, the middle of August.

Joey Hatfield, the Conshohocken junior lightweight, who recently surprised Al Winkler by getting the referee's ten round decision, will doubtless see plenty of action during the indoor season. Hatfield and Winkler put up such a good bout they were rematched.

Those two rugged middleweights Vincent Forgione of Philadelphia and Del Fontaine, the Canadian, in their second summer battle, gave the fans plenty of thrills when all of a sudden "Vinny" ripped over a knockout punch in the seventh round and Fontaine was through. Even in defeat Del got a big hand.

Amateur boxing was never so popular in Phillie as at the present time. The success of the winter bouts caused the clubs to put on several summer tournaments and now another one has been scheduled for August. A number of promising pro. boxers have come out of these ranks.

Tommy Herman, Philadelphia lightweight, found himself up against a stiff puncher when he recently met Billy Wallace of Cleveland at the Phils ball park. Herman was going good and more than held his own for seven rounds but weakened in the ninth and tenth and Wallace got the judge's decision. This was Wallace's first Philadelphia appearance.

Harry Blitman, former Philadelphia amateur "ace," hung a K.O. on Jimmy Burns at Atlantic City and has been in demand all summer. He is one of the many fighters in Max Hoff's garage.

Efforts are being made to stage indoor bouts this fall and winter at the 103rd Cavalry Armory, Thirty-third street and Lancaster avenue. This is within a block of the West Philadelphia Pennsylvania station and it is believed crowds of at least 8,000 can be accommodated.

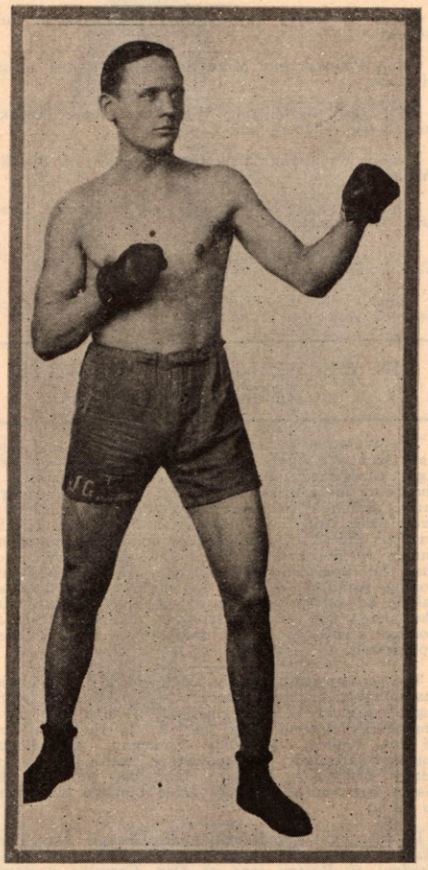
Messrs. Herman Taylor and Bobby Gunnis, promoters at Shibe Park, have arranged an all-star heavyweight card for their next outdoor show, and will get a $5 "top" for some of the ringside seats. The date is August 15.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By JULES D. BECK

The first outdoor boxing show of the summer went over big at Duquesnes Ball Park, on July 18. Five corking bouts, a fine crowd and an ideal evening. In the main bout of ten rounds Dick Conlon, Altoona lad with a clever way of sidestepping punches, ducking tough swings and making it tough in general for his opponents, took the bout from Tug Phillips from Charleroi, Conlon was just a trifle too experienced for the newest sensation, but Phillips made a grand showing. Not one sided the bout was very interesting. This bout topped off one of the best cards offered hereabouts in a long time.

Steve Omalley, Bellaire, Ohio, lightweight, and Teddy Welsh fought a sensational six-round draw in the semi-final. Three other star bouts were on the program and all full of action.

Aug. 29 is the date chosen for Duquesne's next outdoor boxing show, Cuddy Demarco meeting the best junior welter available.



Jimmy Golden, a Philadelphia middleweight who is doing well

Rudy Cedar is back with Mack Rosskamp, the man who brought him out last winter. Cedar had placed himself under the guidance of James Mason and was going along greatly but lost a few tough bouts to boys with greater experience, and now has decided to go back to the handler that first saw possibilities in him.

Tommy Crawley, featherweight, and Willie Davies, flyweight, are two boys that should reap a harvest this season. They are great little performers and never fail to please the patrons with their never stop milling.

Cuddy Demarco, who joined the grand and benevolent order of benedicts about one year ago, is sticking very close to home of late. He is a happy fellow.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By HAROLD BUCKLEY

THE boxing game here took on a new lease of life during the past two months due to Promoter Frank Grand's matchmaking ability and now seems well on the way to the prosperity it once enjoyed several years ago.

Jimmy Finley, former Louisville welterweight, but now making this city his home, seems to be Grand's magnet in drawing the customers back again. Finley defeated Joe Simonich, "Butte Assassin," here in twelve-rounds last month. The popular Finley also trounced Leo Wax, Australian welterweight in a twelve-rounder prior to Finley's bout with Simonich.

Johnny Cox's welterweight, Farmer Joe Cooper, who is going real good at present may be brought here to met Finley. Cooper has won his last twelve starts against some of the best welters in the country.

Billy Brown, sorrell-topped welterweight, made one of the best fights of his career last month in his battle with Leo Wax, claimant of the Australian welterweight title. Brown never looked better in his life and there is some talk of his meeting Jimmy Finley in a fifteen-round bout here during the latter part of this month.

Brown boxed Finley some time ago and newspaper accounts credit Brown with having a shade the better. Grand is also contemplating on bringing Tommy Freeman here for Brown if Finley is unavailable.

Joe Lewis, "Red" Walsh's hope for lightweight honors, turned in an impressive win last month in defeating the clever "Boots" Antley in a ten-rounder in Mobile before one of the largest crowds to ever witness a boxing contest in that city.

Lewis has come along in leaps and bounds during the past three months and before another year rolls by will find him right up in the big money.

Basil Galiano gave Billy Petrolle, "Fargo Express," one of the toughest fights of the latter's career last month in Philadelphia. After the fight Petrolle stated Galiano hit him with one of the hardest right-hand punches he ever received in his life. Petrolle won the verdict after ten hard fought rounds.

Dudley Stadler, local bantamweight, is fast developing into one of the cleverest fighters in these parts. Joe Bradley, former pilot of Pal Moore, is handling the affairs of Stadler. Bradley knows the fight racket from A to Z and will make a lot of money for Stadler if the latter keeps developing the way he has the past few months.

Pal Moran departed for New York last month to engage in several matches he already closed. Moran is still trying to collect the money due him for his bout with Louis (Kid) Kaplan which was ordered to be paid by the Connecticut commission. Pal is having difficulty with several eastern managers who are trying to attach his end. The veteran lightweight turned in a very good effort in his last start here, when he fought a draw with "Boots" Antley.

Martin Burke is due back from the East shortly to engage in several matches. Burke is now under the guidance of Leo P. Flynn and should make a lot of money fighting under the aggressive Flynn's management.
Burke worked with Dempsey for his clash with Sharkey and he and Flynn formed the partnership while going about the task of conditioning Jack.

Big Boy Peterson and his manager departed for Chicago last month and the Big Boy made his presence known by knocking out Charley Van and Al Shering in his strats in the Windy City. Peterson, without a doubt, is one of the best looking heavyweights in the country and before another six months roll around he will be knocking at Gene Tunney's door.

The death of Kid Carlin was taken rather hard by boxing throughout the South, especially this town. Carlin was only a youngster and during his short career had made a fortune in the ring.

He was a real crowd pleaser and it was through this style of milling that enabled him to annex close to $60,000 in less than three years. Carlin met his death at a swimming resort near New Orleans, having received an attack of cramps in the water, drowning before aid could reach him.

Johnny McNally, local featherweight, journeyed to the Pacific Coast several months ago and has done considerably well for a youngster of his limited experience. He is doing the bulk of his fighting in Los Angeles where he has knocked out the last three opponents he has faced. While here McNally won fifteen consecutive fights.

Pomp Romero, crack little amateur flyweight of this city, will make his debut in the "pro" ranks sometime this month. Romero is one of the best boxers to come out of Southern amateurs in years and is sure to reach the top under careful handling. Pomp was born in the Argentine, hailing from the same town that produced Luis Firpo.

The writer will continue answering queries from fighters and managers desirous of securing names of promoters throughout the South, also conditions in every fight center down in Dixie.

Address me care Miles-Moran Gymnasium, No. 934 Poydras Street, New Orleans, La.

Gleaned from New England

MAINE MUSINGS

By RAN WEATHERBEE

The month of July was rather a quiet one in Maine fistic circles and most of the battling seemed to take place at the smaller clubs in central and northern towns. Milo and Fort Fairfield rejoined the Maine towns that have their well attended fight clubs.

Bing Conley, considered once the triple title holder of the State of Maine, swung into action in the Big Time at last, furnishing Paul Berlenbach with plenty of opposition in their ten round contest at the St. Nicholas Arena, New York City. Conley, and Emory Canaba, formerly of Sanford but now of Philadelphia, are Maine's only representatives in Metropolitan rings.

A few days before the Berlenbach-Conley battle, two of Bing's old friends, the Utah Kid and Irish Barney Grant, clashed at the Bar L Ranch. The Utah won an easy decision, handing the Lewiston Celt a terrific pasting in the six rounds. Grant was once a sparring mate of Conley's and the Utah Kid and Bing have met on several occasions with knockouts and decisions about equally distributed.

The Bar L Ranch boasts a tiny battler, Kid Sulo of Corinna, who is advertised as the lightest pro fighter in America at present. Sula, who weighs only 98 pounds, recently defeated Tommy Ryan of Bangor by a one round kayo. The promoters of the Ranch, Walter Johnson and Bill Lockard, are experiencing difficulty in obtaining suitable opponents for the Corinna miniature.

Kid Stanchfield of Milo, who, a year or two ago was the classiest of the younger fighters of Maine, made his return to the ring at Milo on July 20 in the main bout of a good card at the local Town Hall. Stanchfield, by the way, was also the matchmaker. The Milo featherweight met Kid Yuck and after two fast rounds the South Brewer boy pulled a ligament in his arm and was unable to continue. Welcome back, Stanchfield!

Delano and Johnson gave Fort Fairfield fans a treat at their boxing show on July 21. Everything went off without a hitch and it was a fitting comeback for the mitt game in northern Maine. In the main bout, Dan Christie of Waterbury, Conn., had the edge over Slasher Rogers, the local lightweight, in one of the fastest battles ever seen in Fort Fairfield. Christie was a bit too clever for the Maine lad and his lightning left jab piled up too many points for Rogers to offset by his strong finish. Dynamite Taylor K.O.ed Fighting Tom Mix with a left to the body in the last minute of the sixth and last round.

Sharkey money was very scarce in Maine preceeding the battle of the two Jacks on July 21.

CONNECTICUT NOTES

By R. L. T.

The return clash between Joey Williams, New Bedford's "Fighting Parson," and Pinky Silverberg, state bantam king, was far from the whirlwind affair expected. Joey was tired and stale and the little Hebrew won a close decision.

In the semifinal, Jimmy Bones smashed out a well earned victory over Eddie Enos, tough youngster from N. Y. C. Bones laid his clowning aside and fought like a splendid little bantam that he is when he wants to be.

Johnny Mason, Bridgeport lightweight, took the nod from Kid Borde, of Bordeaux, France.

Lou Scalzi added another victory to his string with Young Something-or-Other on the receiving end.

Tony Paollilo, matchmaker of the Elm City A. C. of New Haven, deserves all the credit in the world for the splendid cards he has been offering at ridiculously low prices. Paollilo realizes that a good star bout does not repay the fans for sitting through five or six pitiful preliminaries, and, therefore, every bout on his cards is a real fight.

And while we are singing praises let us make the prediction that all the boxing world is soon to hear a lot about Bat Battalino, former amateur featherweight champion. Right now the kid looks as good as Kid Kaplan, undefeated featherweight champion and Connecticut's pride and joy. His "building-up" schedule seems to be meeting all the good bantams in this section, and all his scraps have ended in K.Oes. He has a terrific punch in either hand and he boxes like a veteran. Young Wagner, who is nobody's bargain, lasted less than a minute with this dynamic little hitter.

Tony Travers, New Haven welter, continued on his winning streak by beating Jackie Horner, of St. Louis. Tony is to meet Jimmy Rossi early in August, and this pair should send the folks home talking to themselves.

Jimmy Rossi has fought eight-round draws recently with Tom Hamby, of Holyoke, Mass., and Jack Petrolozio, New York City.

This Petrolozio seems to be literally made of iron. Neither Rossi nor Joe Smith could bruise this stalwart Italian, and Smith and Rossi both pack dynamite in either hand.

Pinky Silverberg kayoed Charlie Nieman in three rounds.

Collie Pleines beat Mike Sarkis but failed to put him away.

Baby Doll, hardhitting Waterbury negro, knocked out Harry Goldberg and Laurie Rich.

Frankie Cavanaugh took the decision from Big Boy Williams.

Sammy Cooper, New Haven welter, kayoed Young Siki, Bridgeport.

Red Garren, Waterbury, won from Tommy Roberts, New London.

Young Leonard, brother of the famous sheik, dropped Billie Burke, of New Haven, in four.

IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS

By RICHARD WASHBURN

The West Springfield Post of the American Legion has recently built an open air arena where topnotch fight cards are now held. With the exception of the bouts in Holyoke, which are not held very regularly, although they are very good when they do take place, all the enthusiastic fight fans of this part of the Connecticut Valley have had no opportunity to see exhibitions of the manly art. Now that the American Legion Arena has been built and boxing legalized in West Springfield, the fans are taking advantage of their opportunity and attending the shows in very satisfactory numbers. So far, boxing seems to be a distinct success in West Springfield.

The enterprising Barry McCormick, the Legion matchmaker to whom three cheers is due for starting boxing in West Springfield in such fine style, staged his opening show July 8. In the main bout of ten rounds, Honeyboy Finnegan, star Boston junior lightweight, opposed Steve Smith, rough and ready Bridgeport battler. Finnegan won the decision but Smith certainly made him go his fastest to do it.

In the eight-round semi-final, Georgie Day, New Haven lightweight, won on a knockout from Joe Conley, of Boston, one of Dan Carroll's proteges. Carroll was present to look after him and Finnegan. Conley, a good boxer, won the early rounds, but tired and a cut eye caused a halt in the seventh round.

Jimmy Rossi, Westerly, R. I., welterweight and Carl Sohman, Babylon, L. I., middleweight, provided plenty of comedy but little else in spite of their earnest efforts in a six round preliminary. Rossi beat the courageous but clumsy Sohman very handily until Sohman, after a clean knockdown went down without being hit and was instantly disqualified, within ten seconds of the end of the bout.

Mickey Blaine, clever but cautious Indian Orchard, Mass., junior lightweight, lost a very exciting and fairly close six-rounder to Joe Scully, Boston featherweight.

In the curtain raiser, Rusty Miller, Springfield middleweight, knocked out Billy Ketchel of West Springfield in the second round of a scheduled four-round bout, when Referee Joe O'Connor of Boston stopped the duel with Ketchel out on his feet. Miller, who was making his fighting debut, is a good straight puncher.

In a recent Holyoke show, Bobby Garcia, former featherweight star from Baltimore, who is now fighting as a lightweight, won a brilliant ten-round decision from Sammy Offerman of New York, a very promising newcomer. Offerman started off well but got discouraged when his punches failed to make any visible impression on the tough Garcia, who proceeded to give him an artistic pasting.

The semi-final, between Harry Ebbets, Freeport, L. I., knockout king who has now entered the middleweight class, and Eddie McLaughlin, Hazleton, Pa., Negro, who was substituting for Mike Dempsey, ended in the second round when McLaughlin went down and very much out from a series of terrific blows to the body and jaw.

Nick Quagerelli, New York junior lightweight, beat Frankie Mack, Hartford lightweight, in a very slow and uninteresting ten-rounder and Mickey Blaine turned the tables on Joe Scully in another exciting six-round mixup, although they did not fight quite so furiously as before. Blaine did some of his best fighting to win the decision.

The next show will be held August 2, with Davey Abad, Panama bantamweight star, opposing Joey Ryder of Brooklyn in the main event of ten rounds, while the semi-final brings together Joey Ross and Billy Kelly for ten rounds. Billy Humphries fights Terry Parker and Rusty Miller battles Frank Langevin in the other bouts.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP

By COLMAN J. NEE

The boxing fans in Boston, the largest city in little old New England, have been content with reading the accounts of fistic doings throughout the country for lo these many weeks, and now that California Jack and Boston Jack have settled their little affair, perhaps some of Beantown's boxing promoters will book some of the boys to strut their stuff here.

The Valley A. C. of Holyoke in the western part of Massachusetts is attracting capacity audiences and the officials of this hustling club deserve the patronage of every true friend of boxing in that section as they have put the grand old sport on a high plane in that city.

The General Electric A. A. is staging outdoor bouts at its park in Lynn and is doing very well. The first feature bout had as principals Jack Gagnon of New Bedford and Ed Keeley, whom Paolino refused to meet in Boston, and Gagnon sprung a genuine surprise by stopping Keeley in eight frames, in a real old-fashioned slugfest. Gagnon is a rugged performer who will bear watching.

The Argonne A. A. with Eddie Mack at the helm is offering the fans in Boston something new: Fifty rounds of boxing with a scale of prices ranging from fifty cents to two dollars. Of course none of the high-priced stars will exhibit and with local boys as the principals it remains to be seen if the experiment will prove successful. The club has the use of Braves Field, the largest outdoor park in Boston.

Jack Sharkey, Boston's contender for title honors, suffered a series of internal hemorrhages at his home here following his bout with Jack Dempsey. His physician was called and soon had the big boy back to normal. The writer and Sharkey's legion of admirers in this section hope that he will come back to the squared circle soon as full of pep as he has in the past.

Rocky "Hot Dog" Stone, Beantown's famous boxing star and sparring partner of Jack Sharkey, is in strict training for bouts his manager, genial Harry Kelley, has in store for him. Nick Altrock would be a good opponent for "Rocky." Its an act that would pack them in anywhere.

Johnny Scully of South Boston, one of the toughest boys in the feather class in New England, is a great card down Maine State way. Scarcely a week passes when his mentor, Freddie Wiederhold, brings him back to stand the boys in their chairs with his slugging.

Bobby Lowrie, the fighting Scotchman, is another rugged boy inside ropes. Win or lose, Bobby can be depended to furnish plenty of fireworks. Freddy O'Connor, the most promising bantam in New England, is in the same stable with Lowrie. They are managed by Marty Fitzpatrick, the owner of the gym that caters to boxers down South Boston way.

The Army authorities at Fort Banks Winthrop are conducting professional contests every Thursday evening between local boys, and the bouts are attracting thousands of fans in that section, who are sure to witness at least one slugfest between boys who are a little shy on science but who more than overcome that handicap by their display of grit. Capt. Lowney is in charge at the fort and his is truly a job well done.

Tom Goodwin, the live wire promoter of the Suffolk A. A., Boston, crowded right into the spotlight recently by offering Jack Dempsey $300,000 to meet Jack Sharkey in Boston in a return match, but as Tiger Jack is under contract to meet Tunney in his next bout, Boston Jack will have to wait for some little time for his second bid. As for Goodwin, he is helping to keep his club and his city, Boston, in the news and well you know that helps.

Along the Sunset Trail of California

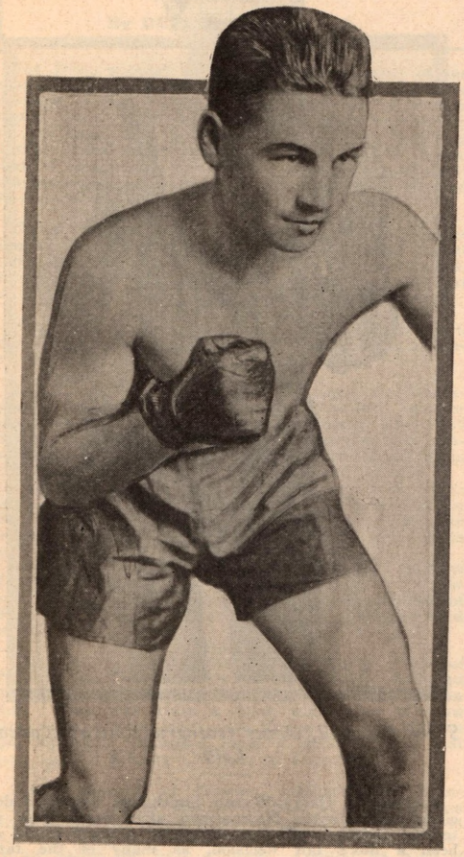
By THERON FISKE

WHEN Jack Dempsey came home, after knocking out Jack Sharkey, he received the greatest ovation ever accorded a returning celebrity in Los Angeles. 25,000 persons swarmed the station to get a peak at the ex-champion who successfully got over the first hurdle on his way to regain the championship.

City officials, bankers, captains of industry, motion pictures producers and stars joined with the small fry and banqueted Dempsey at the Pavillion of Friendship. Tables were set for one thousand. Jack was king and seemed to enjoy it all immensely.

Besides the many receptions, speaking invitations, loving cups, etc., Jack was presented with the colors worn by those two immortal gladiators—John L. Sullivan and Charley Mitchell—who fought for the heavyweight championship at Chantilly, France, in 1888. The donor, W. R. Bingham of Pasadena, was presented with them by a personal friend, Harry Phillips, who furnished the backing for Sullivan against Mitchell, with the understanding that if ever a heavyweight in Mr. Bingham's opinion proved himself the equal of John L., then he should have the colors.

Mr. Bingham proclaimed Jack Dempsey the greatest and gamest heavyweight of all time.



Jimmy McLarnin, the Irish Wizard. Jimmy is California's leading lightweight. He holds the Coast title

Incidentally, it might be added here that the original solid silver belt given to Charley Mitchell by the Lord Mayor of London and the citizens of that city upon Mitchell's return from his bout with Sullivan, is the property of Nat Fleischer, Publisher of The Ring. He recently brought it from England and paid $450 customs duty on it. It is hoped that Mr. Bingham will buy this belt from Nat Fleischer and turn it over as a gift to Jack Dempsey. The belt weighs 16 pounds and is about 8 feet in diameter.

Some time ago the writer boldly asserted that Los Angeles had the greatest regular feminine attendance at the fights of any boxing center in the world. Now comes a story by a woman writer on how the California maid and matrons started attending prize fights. The story by Pauline Payne which appeared recently in the L. A. Evening Herald—Here it is:

An old timer was saying today that the first time he recalls ever seing a woman at a fight here was 15 years ago out at McCarey's Vernon arena. That was when Johnny "Kid" Williams knocked out Johnny Coulon and won the bantamweight championship of the world.

It seems there were two ladies of that period right down in front and naturally attracting lots of attention because in those days they were not popularly supposed to show up in such places.

Well, the boys had to weigh in at 116 pounds and when the Kid hopped onto the scales in the ring that night he saw he wasn't going to make the

Joe Trabon, Middle West star lightweight. He hails from Kansas City

grade. So off came his sweater. Oh sure, he was all dressed fit to kill to get his big hand from the crowd.

But the sweater wasn't enough. Off came a shoe. Then the other one. And by the time his socks had been added to the pile, there was not a great deal left to remove. Still he wasn't weighing down to the 116 limit.

By this time, the gents were as worried about those two feminine spectators by the ringside as about the Kid's avoirdupois. For before he met the requirements, the Kid wasn't wearing much of anything but his eyebrows!

And that, folks, is the start of L. A. women at the prize fights of this city.

Old Timers can rave about the fights they saw in barns and on barges, a jump or two ahead of the sheriff in the good old days, but anyone who saw the Ace Hudkins-Sammy Baker battle in Los Angeles will never be convinced that they missed anything while kicking out the end of their cradle.

Our Ace redeemed himself and once again stands out as the logical contender for the welterweight title.

It was the most savage, bloodiest and bitterly fought battle seen in a California ring for many years. And for the sake of both, it is hoped that they don't fight each other again.

The gate was announced at $93,063 exceeding the Latzo-Dundee title fight in New York by ten grand.

The non-com is one game and tough guy, and will draw his share through the gate anytime.

Immediately after losing to Our Ace, Baker left for Jack Dempsey's old camp, where he prepared for his return go with Mushy Callahan.

Negotiations for a title fight between Hudkins and Joe Dundee followed the counting of the gate. Promoter Donald dispatched an offer of $40,000 to the champion to meet the Wildcat at weight.

Fire completely destroyed Jack Doyle's Vernon arena, taking with it one of the largest and most costly collections of pictures of famous ring stars on the coast. The loss was estimated at $200,000.

It was at Vernon that Jimmy McLarnin, the little Irish Wizard, first attracted attention. Appearing one night in a preliminary, Jimmy stole the show and to this day, has remained one of the greatest attractions in Los Angeles.

Our little Irish Wizard is leaving California this Fall for a trip to Belfast, Ireland. Upon his return Jimmy will probably accept one of many offers from New York, Boston and other Eastern promoters.

In Los Angeles McLarnin would enter the ring a favorite to beat Sid Terris and at even money to win over Sammy Mandell.

Dempsey by a knockout inside of six rounds.

Gerd Hall, lightweight champion of Germany, is in Los Angeles and smart boxing men are predicting a great future for him. The little German is as fast as greased lightning and a hard puncher. In 73 fights as a professional, he has scored 31 knockouts. Before turning pro, Hall won the amateur title. Hall's home is at Cologne where his father and mother still reside.

Fidel LaBarba returned home after a six-months' barnstorming trip in the East. The little champion fought nine battles while away successfully defending his title against Elky Clark in New York.

Since turning pro less than three years ago LaBarba has banked about $60,000 which is wisely invested and netting him a nice income.

The little champion will enter Stanford University in the Fall.

Jackie Fields is home again, looking none the worse after his New York invasion. Fields promptly signed to fight Jimmy McLarnin, the Irish Wizard, who knocked him out two years ago.

Leo Lomski also is home from New York. The Walloping Pole returned a light-heavyweight (speaking pretty well for New York's climate) and will go to the post against Ernie Owens who recently stopped Eddie Huffman.

Billy Grimes won one. The kid from Kangarooland, sporting three championships, beat Stewart McLean of St. Paul. After being declared the winner, Grimes grabbed McLean and planted a nice big kiss on his right cheek. Not to be outdone, the little St. Paul Irishman grabbed Billy and returned a most lucious smack that was heard all over the house.

FROM OREGON COAST

DAVID J. MAZUROSKY

Arrangements have been made to bring Leo Lomski, crack middleweight, who is at present in New York, to fight the main event at Aberdeen, Washington, for the Elks' convention which is to be held in the latter part of August. His opponent will probably be Harry Dillon, champion of Canada. Lomski hails from Washington.

Joe Marcus, sensational young featherweight, is going ahead rapidly. He recently gave "Wildcat" Carter, pride of Seattle, a neat trimming. He also holds a knockout victory over Johnny Hawks. well known Pacific Coast featherweight.

George Dixon, local middleweight boxer, was given a neat licking by Dave Shade, sensational California pride, recently. Shade had ever round.

Benny Pelz, crack featherweight of Portland, may take a trip down to Los Angeles. He has run out of opponents here and may get some competition down there.

Portland Jimmy Duffy, former bantam amateur champ, is planning a comeback. He is working out daily and looks to be in good condition. He probably will be matched with Johnny Farr of Portland at Salem, Oregon.

Chuck Hellman, who is back east, may be brought to Portland to box Newsboy Brown in a ten-round main event the latter part of the month. Hellman now holds the Pacific Coast bantamweight championship.

George Spady is a comer. He recently knocked out Ernie Woodard for amateur welterweight championship. Spady will reach the top if not rushed too fast.

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Picked Up in the Middle West

IN ARKANSAS

By DR. X. G. MAY

At the first meeting of the Arkansas Boxing Commission, held in Little Rock recently, it resulted in the election of H. H. Ellis, of Little Rock, as Secretary of the Commission and the resignation of C. B. Crumpler, of El Dorado, as a member of the Commission. (Mr. Crumpler, Commander of Legion District No. 11, said he could not remain on the Commission following the published reports that a majority of the members were required to pledge their support to Ellis for Secretary before they were appointed.)

Ted Lombardo, Kansas City's leading welterweight

The vote for Ellis—who is a brother-in-law of Joe S. Schneider, private secretary to Governor Martineau—was three to nothing, Chairman Ellis not voting and Crumpler having resigned before the vote was taken.

The Boxing Commission adopted a tentaive draft of rules and regulations governing the holding of boxing bouts. A proposal to levy a fee of ten per cent. of the gross receipts of all bouts to pay the salary of the Secretary and other expenses of the Commission, was modified by reducing the fee to five per cent.

The ten per cent. of the gross receipts of bouts which was first considered by the Commission, was objected to by authorities of several Posts—and some Post officials have gone so far as to say they will hold matches under the general authority of the law, but will ignore the authority of the Commission if it attempts to enforce the ten per cent. system.

Many Legionnaires who are not members of either the Executive Committee or the Boxing Commission, have expressed the belief that the Legion should be given a free hand to administer the Boxing Law, since it was passed as a Legion measure. They contend that if an element of "politics" enters into the selection of a Secretary, or the handling of the Commission's affairs, the effect will be injurious to the Legion. The above are clippings taken from articles appearing in the Little Rock papers.

From the above, it would appear that Arkansas, like many of the other Seates legalizing boxing, is not entirely free from an "element of politics"—if we know just how much an element is—and we agree with the Legionnaires that it will not only be injurious to the American Legion, but to the boxing game as well.

A headline of one of the articles appearing in one of the Little Rock papers was, "Legionnaires and Governor at Odds." Let us hope that the differences, if they exist, between the Governor or any State official and the American Legion will be adjusted to the satisfaction of all, that they may work in harmony for the good of the boxing game—as, in the writer's opinion, the law is far from being safe from repeal at the next meeting of the Legislature.

Geo. Sanders, "The Fighting Butcher Boy," Little Rock's crack lightweight, won a close and hard-fought decision in ten rounds from Speck Friend, of Muskogee, Okla., before the American Legion A. C., Fayetteville, July 4th.

J. D. Gibson, Farmington, won by a technical knock-out from Battling Lacy, of Fayetteville, at the end of the first round of a scheduled eight-round bout, at Fayetteville, Ark., July 4th.

"Battling" Manguna, of New Orleans, scored a decisive victory in ten rounds over Young Ross, of New York, before the Gordon Gale Post, American Legion, North Little Rock. The bout was held at the M. P. Stadium.

Dwight Fryer, Little Rock's flashy lightweight, knocked out Luther Orr, of Memphis, Tenn., in the second round of an eight-round bout at North Little Rock, Ark.

"Stinger" Steel, Fort Smith's hard-hitting lightweight, has run short of sparring partners, as the going in his workouts has been too tough for the boys who did the catching—but he has signed two tough colored middleweights—Woodie Johnson and Jake Jones—and he hopes to finish his training for his next fight before he finishes the two big boys.

At the opening show of the Allen Hearin Post of the American Legion of Pine Bluff, Ark., Geo. Sanders, of Little Rock, and Tommy Fowlks, of Memphis, were featured in a ten-round bout which resulted in a hard-fought draw—and from reports was one of the best shows ever held in that city and drew one of the largest gates.

Elmo Fryer, Little Rock, won from Young Harris, of Hot Springs, in eight rounds at Pine Bluff.

Harry Reisenberg, Pine Bluff, defeated Ernest Cook in eight rounds at Pine Bluff.

Frank Thornhill, Stuttgart, Ark., knocked out James Darby in one round at Pine Bluff.

El Dorado, the center of Arkansas oil fields, is putting on boxing shows every two weeks under the auspices of the American Legion Post of that City—and are drawing well.

Ken Martindale, of El Dorado, won from Billie Murphy in ten rounds at Sayer, Ark.

Geo. Monte, Chicago, stopped Robert Kuhn in the seventh round of a ten-round bout at El Dorado, July 4th.

Billie Murphy knocked out Battling Kilgore in one round at Pine Bluff.

Spruce Gibbs and Jack King boxed eight rounds to a draw at El Dorado.

The following boys are working out of El Dorado and crave trouble with boys of their weight: Ken Martindale, light heavy; Spruce Gibbs, Jr., lightweight; Rex Lee, lightweight; Jake Katool, lightweight; Jack King, lightweight; and Stanley Ketchell, lightweight.

Thanks to Mr. Cal Calvert, of El Dorado, for El Dorado notes.

"Stinger" Steel, Fort Smith's star lightweight, met Dwight Fryer, of Little Rock, on an all-star card, on July 25th, before the American Legion Post of Little Rock. This was the second time these boys have met. In their first bout Steel stopped Fryer in three rounds.

KANSAS GOSSIP

By JESS RISNER

Wichita, Kans.—Mike Arnold, of Denver, repeated again by knocking out Hoots Burger, Kansas heavyweight sensation, in the tenth round. It was Arnold's fight all the way. Johnny Harris and Buddy Seigel fought a thrilling eight-round draw. Clausine Vincent punched his way to a win over Mel Gaham.

Kansas City, Kans.—Mexican Joe Rivers won by a small margin in ten rounds from Buster Brown. Joe Trabon earned an edge in ten frames with Wildcat Monte. Davy Young shaded Steve Ketchell in the opening ten-round bout.

Tulsa, Okla.—Warnie Smith, Bartlesville middleweight, knocked out Frank Tracey, of Chicago, in seven heats.

Kansas City, Mo.—Romero Rojas won a ten-round newspaper decision from Jack Renault in a tame ten-round bout. Walker Rich, K. C. heavyweight pride, knocked out Joe Stangle in four rounds. Joe Trabon stopped Jimmy Cashill in four rounds. Tommy Maroon and Denver Kid fought six rounds to a draw.

Sedalia, Mo.—Kay Whitley, hard hitting Missouri middleweight, scored a K.O. in three rounds with Babe McGuire, of Rockford, Ill.

Kansas City, Kans.—Joe Rivers defeated Armando Santiago in ten rounds. Joe Rivers scored a knock-out over Eddie Murdock in seven rounds. Jimmy Danks knocked out George Nix in five stanzas.

Stevie Ketchell, clever featherweight of Kansas City

Bartlesville, Okla.—Warnie Smith was handed a decision over Jackie Heinnerman after ten rounds of terrific fighting. The rendering of a draw would of been a more fair decision, as many of the fans were of the opinion Jackie was entitled to a shade. Johnny Pavola, of Kansas City, won a ten-round decision over Rusty Jones, of St. Paul.

Parsons, Kans.—Hamp McNally won a ten-round verdict over Charley Landers in a hard fought contest Elvin Dietrich won handily in six rounds from George Smoot.

Kansas City, Kans.—Larry Cappo took the edge in a ten-round bout with Johnny Reisler. Joe Staples won from Walker Rich in one round on a foul. Rusty Sheehan knocked out Betty Dixon in four. Kid Farmer shaded Pooch Brown in a six-round encounter.

Sedalia, Mo.—Tommy Irvine, of Tulsa, Okla., won a ten-round decision over Jimmie Deering, Sedalia welterweight.

Kansas City, Kans.—Eddie Dwyer won by a slight shade in a ten-round bout with Spider Kelly.

Ottawa, Kans.—Floyd Bowers and Joe Kopfer fought ten hard rounds to a draw. It is likely these boys will be rematched in the near future.

Clay Center, Kans.—Joe Kopfer fought his way to a victory in ten rounds with Hamp McNally, of Pittsburg, Kans.

Ft. Scott, Kans.—Johnnie Wagner gave Elmer McMullen a terrific beating in ten rounds. McMullen was a sorry looking battler at the finish of the fight. Wagner scored two clean knockdowns. Wagner came out of the fight without a scratch. Kid Dunham knocked out Kid McKinnon in three rounds. Luther Ashford beat Battling Sherwood in six. Buster Dennen and Box Elder went four rounds to a draw.

Kansas City, Kans.—Henry Lenard won a ten-round decision from Paul Allen. Kid Grandy won in the fourth on a foul from Yankee Elliott. Steve Ketchell had an edge after ten rounds of milling with Davy Young.

Enid, Okla.—Jimmy Bean and Jack Matlock have been matched for a ten-round battle in this city in the near future. Two years ago Matlock copped the decision from Bean in a fierce ten-round battle. This is Bean's first appearance in the ring for many months, due to a broken jaw sustained in a bout with Warnie Smith.

Pittsburg, Kans.—Tempting offers are being made to Johnny Wagner and Jimmy Finley to induce this pair to sign for a ten-round bout to be held under the auspices of the Shriner's Club.

Tulsa, Okla.—Bradford Simmons, colored Oklahoma heavy, stopped Bill Goethe, of New York, in seven rounds. Wildcat Monte won an easy ten-round victory from Spec Friend. Newsboy Johnson fought Kid Kiser six rounds to a draw. Ray Jones took an edge in his four-round encounter with Young Collett.

Sedalia, Mo.—Tommy Irvine and Jimme Deering were rematched for a ten-round bout. In their last meeting Irvine won the decision.

IN ARIZONA

By DENNIS LANDRY, JR.

Joe Diaz, popular little 130 pound exponent of the manly art of scrambling ears, took the unanimous decision of two judges and Referee Smith in his ten round main event against Kid McQuillan, Denver, in the fight show at the Agi Baba theatre, Camp Little, recently. Giving away seven pounds to the Denver Kid, the little Cuban flash led the fight throughout the ten stanzas. The bout was attended by the largest crowd seen here in four years.

Owen Phelps of Mesa and Jack Lee of Los Angeles fought 10 slow rounds to a draw at the recent outdoor show at Warren Ball Park at Bisbee. Although the bout was a tame affair, Lee was badly cut up about the face.

Roughouse Nelson Phelps, Arizona's middleweight, went to Pasadena, Cal., on July 20 and won a ten-round decision over Sailor Larry.

The alleged invincibility of Bud Rainey, the Hassayampa Hammerer, vanished as the dew in a summer mornings at the Whipple arena recently when Bill Sewell of Phoenix hammered the hammerer into submission and was awarded a technical knockout in the fourth round in a scheduled eight rounder.

By his victory, Sewell annexed the state light-heavyweight championship which had been held by Rainey for only about three weeks. It was the opening show of the D. A. V. in the new arena and approximately 500 persons attended.

Gene Watson of Los Angeles and Tommy Elks of Douglas, lightweights, fought an eight-round draw and Jack Milton of Phoenix and Butch Vierthalier of Prescott fought a draw in the third eight-round card of the night.

Two Arizona state champions, Young Nino of Phoenix and Young Herrera of Superior, defended their titles at Superior on July 4 at the Magma club. Nino was given a draw with Alan Whitlow after a rather slow bout while Young Herrera, bantam and flyweight champion, won a decision in a fast bout against Mickey Obregon of Tucson.

Bobby McIndoo of Phoenix, featherweight champion of the state, was the victim of poor decision when he lost to Young Nino, lightweight champion, at Arcadia Hall at Phoenix. Billy Rittenhouse of Superior called the bout a draw. Popular as Nino is and gamely as he fought that night, he took a beating at the hands of McIndoo. The frenzied protests of the fans, the booes and cat-calls that were showered at Rittenhouse, showed how unanimous was the opinion that the little Scotchman had been given a raw deal. It was a true spirit of sportsmanship on the part of the fans. Nino is more popular than McIndoo, but even Nino's friends knew that he had lost.

Jack Lynch of Phoenix, who claims the light-heavyweight championship of the state, has completely recovered from a broken right hand. He is training for bouts in Phoenix and Prescott to take place next month.

Bill Hunefeldt put on some good attractions at his arena at Phoenix recently, the Tommy Elks-Billy Red Wells bout going over big. Elks won the decision in a decisive manner, having little trouble with the Coast battler. Pipa Fuentes of Phoenix, a youngster, won a hard earned draw with Miami Joe Rivers.

Gene Watson, lightweight boxer, lost a bout to T-Bone Firpo of Phoenix at Ernest Lira's arena at Prescott July 26 on a foul. Watson struck Firpo below the borderline in the third round. Up to then, it was fast and furious with honors about even. Butch Vierthalier of Prescott won from Jack Milton of Phoenix easily in an 8 rounder.

One of the most sought after personages in Phoenix just before the big heavyweight battle was Jim Flynn, who has the distinction of being the only man who ever knocked out Jack Dempsey. Flynn picked Dempsey to win. Jim nowadays is running a taxi in the Arizona city and making good at it.

DETROIT, MICH.

By PARSON TOM McGINTY.

The Grand River A. C. is now open, under the guiding hand of the veteran, Harry Tuthill, one of the best referees in Michigan, who acts as third man in the ring not only in Detroit but all over the State of Michigan.

Harry has remodeled the gym, installed several handball courts and expects to have many of his old baseball friends come up and enjoy themselves on the courts.

Charley Moore, who has trained and handled Phil McGraw for all his important fights in the East and now making Detroit his home, has one of the largest boxing stables in the country. He is getting his share of the work around the state.

He has a splendid flyweight in Joe McKean, the flyweight champion of Scotland, who has boxed Carpentero two great fights at Battle Creek, and has him working almost every week.

Ward Sparks, his bantamweight, who has met such good boys as Joe Lucas, Carl Tremaine, Clarence Rosen, and many others, looks a fine prospect. Sparks has everything a champion should have and is a sweet little fighter. He also has another gem in little Woods, flyweight.

Len Darcy, Michigan's leading light heavyweight, upset the dope up the state when he beat Emmett Curtice and had him down for the count of 9, but only got a draw. Darcy is a comer, watch him.

He boxed all the good boys around the country including the great Bryan Downey—and is the boy who Downey handed the C note to box him at Flint a little of a year ago. Darcy weighs 164 and can be reached through his manager, Dave Knight, 1246 Park Place, Ringside Cafe.

The Avenue A. C. lined up Tiger Flowers with Johnny Risko for August 14th but the Mich State Board of Control would not sanction the bout—giving as a reason too much difference in their weights.

Floyd Fitzsimmons is vacationing with Jack Dempsey and will return early in September and put on another big fight here.

Flint, Mich., is drawing very well and so is Grand Rapids but Battle Creek is a bloomer as the fans won't patronize the boxing game in that city. They are going to stage wrestling matches only.

Charley Moore will go back to his home town with his flyweight, Joe McKean, and his good bantamweight, Ward Sparks—and will try to get Canzonera or Bud Taylor—as Sparks is one of the best little boys in the west. He has boxed Tremaine when Carl was in his prime.

IN OKLAHOMA

By HARRY BELL

Jimmy Bean, light-heavyweight of Enid, Okla., has hit his stride again and is winning over everybody they get for him. His last two starts have resulted in a K.O. over Peck Warren in three rounds and Jack Matlock in nine rounds.

At Norman, Okla., Dude Craig beat Kid Kiser in ten rounds. Craig is a classy looking bantam and has beaten many of the veterans of the Southwest.

Eddie Murdock and Bobby Vincent staged a terrific ten-round draw at Oklahoma City. Vincent fought a game uphill battle and was given a big hand by the crowd. Bob Talmadge knocked out Kid Frenchie in the fourth round of the semi-windup.

Leo Deibel, the Southwest's best bet for a heavyweight contender, reports that he will battle Young Stribling at Birmingham, Ala., in the near future.

Jimmy Owens, hard hitting lightweight of Oklahoma City, has returned from Pennsylvania where he was under the guidance of Pete Latzo's trainer. Jimmy reports seven bouts won and one lost on his eastern invasion.

Babe Hunt, the Ponca City heavyweight, has been on the sick list for some time. His manager reports that Hunt will soon be ready to take on all the leading heavies of the south. In his first start as a main event, "Babe" upset the dope by giving the highly touted Leo Deible a beating in ten rounds.

Kid Stanley, colored middleweight of Oklahoma City, is having a tough time finding opponents enough to keep him busy. Stanley carries too many guns for the colored boys in this part of the country and the white boys draw the line on this hard socking youngster. The "Kid" would like nothing better than to meet the best in the East.

Leo Deibel journeyed over to Indianapolis where he dropped a close decision to Chuck Wiggins in ten rounds. The entire ten rounds were fought in a steady downpour of rain.

IN CALGARY

Bill Buxton has been a great factor in the promotion of Sports in Calgary. Bill has just finished installing a modern, high-class gymnasium in the basement of his new hotel the Alexandra. The Callies, C. P. R. Postmen, D. N. R., and the Northwest football teams have been loud in their praise of Bill and what he has done for Calgary in boxing and soccer.

Basil Daines was awarded the Buxton Belt, which is emblematic of the Western welterweight title, when he defeated Cliff Southward at Strathmore. Basil not only cut up Southward, but knocked him down several times for short counts.

The first thing that greets our eyesight as we open Bill's letter is a renewal blank for another year for The Ring Magazine. He also states that he cannot get along without his monthly Ring magazine.

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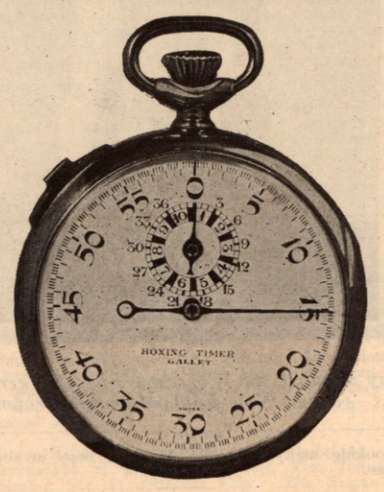

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"Southside" Jack O'Keefe, is doing remarkably well with his middleweight, Emil Baksic. Emil has defeated Roy Wallace and several others recently.

Haaken Hansen, the fighting blonde from Norway, who has hung up a creditable record, is anticipating visiting his home country shortly.

Ray Miller, crack local featherweight, has resumed training and is now ready for action. New York promoters wanted Ray for Joe Click.

Johnnie Martin, local manager, claims his has a corking good 120 pounder in Jackie Schwartz, the former Cleveland newsboy.

Suey Welch, Akron, Ohio, promoter, wants to match his middleweight, Jimmie Darrah, with the best of the best of the Chicago district.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILTON BARON

Ramon Perez, leading bantam contender for the Cuban title, is impatiently waiting for the return of Genaro Pino, the present champion, who was given permission to leave for the United States where he was to meet "Happy" Atherton. A short time ago, Ramon Perez fought a stiff bout with Pino, who just about finished the fight with little in reserve. Ramon Perez will force a championship bout as soon as Pino sets foot on Cuban soil, but should Pino remain in the U. S., the commission will turn the title over to Perez.

Ramon Perez has tried in vain to secure bouts with Kid Salgado, Enrique Valdes, and others, but they all refuse to meet him.

Jack Dempsey has thousands of friends in Cuba. They proved this when Jack fought Sharkey, as more than twenty-five thousand fans stood out in the pouring rain getting the results by radio at the Diario de La Marina, local newspaper building. Dempsey was cheered by the huge crowd, and the newspapers were full of his pictures after the battle. Havana expects Jack to regain his title from Tunney.

Jimmy Finley, Louisville welterweight, will soon be fighting in Havana rings. Finley fought here twice, defeating Ponce de Leon and Kid Charol, and left an impressive opinion of his quality as a first class boxer.

Bobby Amster, Virginia lightweight, now residing at Newark, N. J., will also be seen in action here among several good lights. Amster was featured here a couple of years ago and made quite a hit with the local fans.

Jose Arguelles, fistic sensation of Havana, has been smothered with offers by local promoters. He is going great guns. Arguelles' latest feat was a whirlwind exhibition at the Miramar Arena, where he was given a big ovation for his great showing against one of the local flyweights. Arguelles is a treat to the eye. He has won the admiration of the fans throughout the Island.

Paquito Miro, hard-hitting featherweight, is training hard these days. He is anxious to meet the best in his division. Miro is a tough boy and packs a hard wallop in either hand.

Pardo Alemany, Cuba's premier promoter, has at last closed a contract with Antonio Ruiz, Spanish featherweight, who will soon be seen in action in Havana. Ruiz has a large following here, and Alemany should make lots of "dinero" with this miniature Jack Dempsey. He is a real sensational fighter.

Juan Herrera is hankering for a shot at the 126-pound title now owned by Angel Diaz. Herrera has beaten Diaz twice, but in short bouts, and he is anxious to meet the champion at a 15-round title tilt. Herrera is a good boy, and has a royal chance to cop the crown.

Fowler's Academy is the leading gymnasium in town. Fernando Rios, well known referee, is one of the directors at the gym, and certainly is doing good work for the Cuban boxers. Fowler has been working hard at the academy, with the results that many of the new boys have improved greatly in a short time. Good praise is what Fowler deserves.

IN LAREDO, TEXAS

Several interesting bouts were staged here last month. One of the best bouts on tap here this summer took place at Fort McIntosh on July 15 between Carlos Garcia of Mexico City and Battling Numa, Garcia winning the tilt.

In another good bout Cortinas, who has a good knockout record, was knocked out by Reyna.

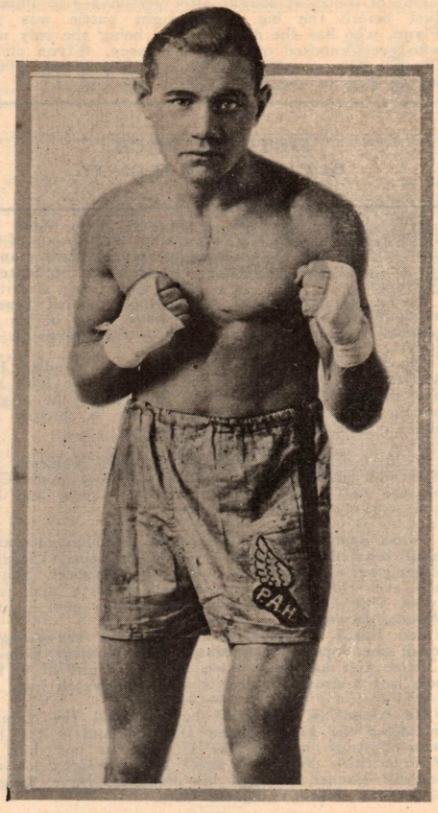
A third battle resulted in a draw between Kayo Miller and Battling Teatro.

The bout between Swede Berg and Young Lutz was won by Berg.

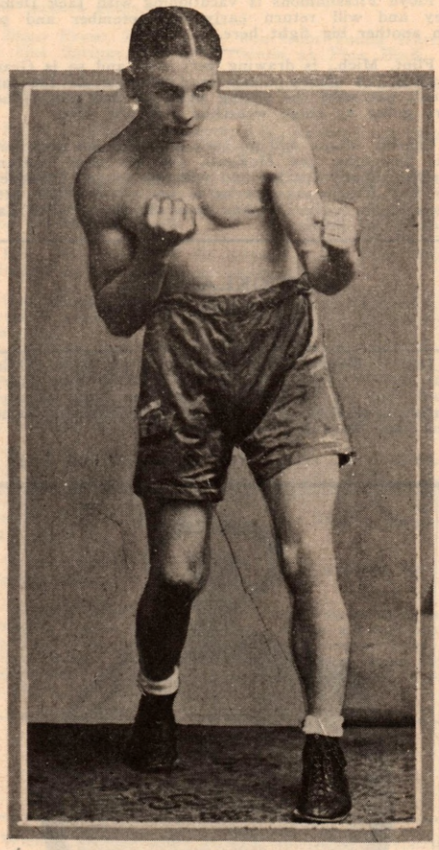
Garcia, lightweight champion of Mexico, is an exceptionally clever boy and has made a hit in Texas rings.

Julio Montez, former matchmaker of Mexico City, is booking many bouts for Mexican boys in southern Texas.

Jack Shelton, fight promoter and manager, has a good string of boys under his wings.



Joey Knapp, a good New York City junior welterweight.



Tony Mandell, the Worcester Fire Cracker who claims New England bantam crown

FROM THE SOUTHWEST

By "CACTUS"

The writer has just completed a trip from El Paso, Texas, to Great Falls, Montana, covering a distance of something like 2,500 miles and while on tour made observation of the boxing situation at the principal cities enroute.

We must take our hats off to the fans and boxing promoters in Montana. One would think after the terrible mixup over the Dempsey and Gibbons fight staged at Shelby, that any one found guilty of even mentioning such a thing as a boxing match, would get deported from the State, but such is not the case. The Dempsey and Gibbons fracas may have broken a couple of banks, but at that, it made the boxing game the biggest sport in the State.

Those connected with the boxing game throughout the entire State are square shooting, honest fellows. Dan Tracy of Great Falls, the head of the State Boxing Commission, is a regular fellow. Dan is there to see that every one gets a square deal, including the fans themselves and he succeeds. Matchmaker Frank Gault, of Great Falls, is a square shooting promoter who gets good results. He insists on getting proper value for his money and the bouts he stages are always pleasing.

One of the best bouts seen in the State was the recent Pinky Urquidi and Clayton Gouyd, twelve-round bout. Urquidi is claimant of the Southwestern flyweight title. He is a Yaqui Indian and hails from El Paso, Texas. Gouyd hails from Idaho.

Urquidi administered a lacing to the Idaho champion, but Gouyd proved his gameness. Urquidi in our opinion is one of the toughest flyweights in the game. The Great Falls fans are willing to bet money that he will give Fidel LaBarba the fight of his life for his flyweight title.

The fight game in Denver is just starting to come to. The ten-round law was recently passed and a boxing commission was recently organized. It looks like the old city of Denver again will become the battle grounds of some famous ring battles, Denver should be one of the leading fight centers of the country. It is well located and draws boys from the coast and middle west. Denver has a population of three hundred thousand, enough to enable the promoters to stage some real top notch fights.

Denver has three real good local drawing cards, George Manley is about the best gate attraction there. Manley is a sweet fighter. With the proper handling, George Manley can be groomed into a World's championship prospect.

Then there is that great little junior lightweight Eddie Mack, one of the most popular little fighters in the Rocky Mountain region is Eddie. Tommy Eddy, Denver fight manager, has a wonderful little bantamweight whom the Denver promoters are endeavoring to work into the big money in the person of Mickey Cohen, a little Jewish Battler, Cohen looks promising if not rushed along too fast.

Promoter Billy Sarconi of the Stock Yards Stadium, is Denver's leading promoter. He has the largest arena in the west. He has staged some of the larger bouts in the Rocky Mountain region. One of Promoter Sarconi's recent wrestling matches drew close to $22,000.

Promoter Sarconi is in touch with Johnny Dundee, Tommy Loughran, Ace Hudkins, Leo Lomiski, Ed Huffman, Ad. Stone, Jose Rivers, Young Gonzales, Fred Cullen, and a few more other top notch boys. He plans a busy winter.

Jack Kanner, an old time promoter, also has a boxing club in Denver. Kanner has a smaller arena, called the Olympic Arena.

As soon as the newly organized boxing commission gets to functioning properly, Denver should again come back into the limelight.

The Juarez Bull Ring at Juarez, Mexico, just across from El Paso, opened its big concrete gates for boxing shows on July 10 with an open air Sunday afternoon show. Jose Rivers, Southwestern lightweight champion, won from Jack Kane of Denver in the fifth round, on a foul. Up to the time of the accidental foul the bout was even.

The reopening of the Juarez Bull Ring by Promoters Jimmy Erwin and Johnny McIntosh, should revive the interest in the fight game here.

Promoter Jack Shelton of San Antonio is back in the promoting light again. He is planning a series of fights for his big open air arena during the coming months.

The greatest trouble in Texas in the fight game seems to be too many fight clubs.

For instance, El Paso, Texas, has three clubs trying to survive the test; San Antonio has three clubs; Galveston has three. As there is no boxing commission to govern these clubs, the clubs run any time they care to, with the result the game suffers.

Montana's boxing is governed and controlled by the American Legion, Billings, Butte, Great Falls, and numerous other towns in the State, all have boxing shows and everyone is making money. They allow only one club in each town, and two shows a month is about all any of the clubs run; they pay four and five dollars for ring side seats at the majority of the boxing shows in this State.

Montana has some very good leather pushers, among those most promising are: Al. Webster, Young Pulver, Al. Rosburn, of Great Falls.

Gathered in South Jersey

By HARRY DOLLFUS

Al Trainer, Philly lightweight, added new laurels to his list when he handed Lew Jackson a sleep producer in four rounds at Rainbow Lake and then took a trip down to Havre De Grace, Md., and delivered a shellacing to Young Ketchell, of Chester, in eight cantos.

Charley Cunningham avenged his defeat at the hands of Bobby O'Donnell when he shaded the slugging Irishman by more than a shadow in their return brawl at Atlantic City. The boys slugged in Donnybrook style, and pleased the fans throughout the bout.

Tommy Cooney, Atlantic City's foremost contender for the lightweight title, outpointed Eddie Reed, of New York, in the windup at the Northside A. C., Atlantic City, a feat as yet unattained by such battlers as Benny Valger, Roxie Allen, Billy Pimpus and others.

In the opinion of the writer, another club would do good in the city of Camden, as there has been a decided lull in developing talent. The old adage of "competition being the life of trade" is being sung once again.

Scotty MacDonald, a 126 pound Atlantic City youth who shows considerable promise

Freddie Washington, of Camden, former Penn. welterweight amateur champion, defeated Joe Brock, of Baltimore, at Shellpot Park in Wilmington after a great battle wherein Brock nearly heard the boidies warble several times.

Pat Deeney, erstwhile manager of Philadelphia fistic celebrities, has branched out as a promoter of boxing. He has opened a spacious arena at Pennsgrove, N. J., where he plans to introduce the best talent in the game to South Jersey patrons. Seating capacity, 5,000.

Scotty MacDonald, Scotland's featherweight champion, who has been taking a little vacation, has resumed training and is on the trail of all leading featherweights in the game.

Paddy O'Brien, the slashing bantamweight who created terror in the hearts of boys his weight in this section of the land, found all the lads sidestepping him and made the trip to the Pacific Coast. He is keeping up his good work on the Western slope. His latest victims were Charley Miller, Sammy Rice and Trench King. Paddy has had twelve straight victories over some of the best boys on the Coast and should create a sensation when he returns East.

Joe Bush, the Jersey Fisherman, who loves fighting next to dipping in the deep sea, beat Jack Ketchell, of Leiperville, in six rounds at Wilmington. If Bush would devote more time to training he would give all the middleweights plenty to worry about.

Joe Coogan, the roly-poly impresario from Atlantic City, is wreathed in smiles these days. His new baby, Bobby Brown, 175 pound negro, put the quietus on Wolf Larsen, of New York, in less time than it takes to punch out the story on the typewriter.

It looks like all the lightweights in this section are not desirous of sampling the punches of Freddie Tooley, former champ of 'is Royal 'ighness' troops, since he kayoed Jimmy Tighe, twice defeated Tony Demarco and gave Paul Wenke a trimming. Tooley is out with a defi to any 135-pounder, and the Mick is getting hot for action.

Dick Kain, sports editor of the Philadelphia Record, at last succeeded in breaking the ice with his battling negro lightweight, Billy Washington. The latter gave Gene Geffner, of Vineland, a beating in eight rounds at Philadelphia recently.

Roxie Allen, of Camden, defeated the Jewish cowboy, Frankie Fink, in the feature bout of eight rounds. In a slashing semi-windup, Eddie Chaney, who looks to be the best of the local lightweights, and Mickey Russell, of Philly, at the Public Service Park, fought a draw.

Cliff Bent, former featherweight, who battled some of the best boys in this section a few years ago, is now a manager of several good fighters. Al Rowe, who was formerly an amateur champion, has been cutting a wide swath in the bantam ranks under Cliff's direction. He defeated Hank Dundee, the Baltimore veteran, at the Shore recently, Pete Altierri, Johnny Meehan, Frankie (Kid) Anslen, and is due to make his mark in pugilism. Syd Fellowes, 130 pounds, who defeated Midget Fox Yg Chaney and Sammy Baker, is another of Bent's stable who looks good.

Jack Gross, Salem Southpaw heavyweight, hung the kayo on Long Shot Ike at Paulsboro, N. J. A few nights later put the skids under Dan Lieber in three rounds and then defeated the well-known Joe Lohman in ten rounds at Philadelphia.

Frankie Vance, star welterweight contender, defeated Willie Patterson at Rainbow Lake in the feature bout of eight rounds. He gave one of the best exhibitions of "hit and not get hit" seen in South Jersey in a long time. Vance should be given serious consideration by promoters when arranging their programs, as he is a pleasing two-fisted boxer.

Billy Pimpus is challenging all featherweights. He hopes to attain the class and recognition he once held among the 126-pounders.

Buck Fleming, South Jersey featherweight mitt slinger, recently returned from a tour of Canada where he defeated Joe (Kid) Roy, Tommy Dixon and Earl Goodman. Buck wants to meet an feather in the game, preferring Benny Bass and Harry Blitman to the rest.

Joe Lill, the All-Service heavyweight champion, has been transferred to the good old U. S. A. after helping Uncle Sam and his Leathernecks drive the rebels into the hills of Nicaragua. Lill suffered two wounds but battled against injury as gamely as in ring battles, and announces that after a month of training he will be ready to meet all heavyweights eager for action.

Dennis MacNeil, a slugging middleweight who is a stablemate of Joe Lill, is another slugging Leatherneck who went "Over the Top" in Nicaragua with Uncle Sam's troops. He has a creditable record of thirty-five bouts without a defeat, and is gunning for action with any middleweight in the game. McNeil looks like a champion in the gym, and no doubt will give the 160-pounders in this section plenty of trouble.

Jack Valentine has again undertaken the management of the original Mendel Bailus, heavyweight champion of Russia, who added four more knockouts to his list. Lunatic Jake, at Squeedunk, N. J., Jack (Kid) Ripper, at Blackwood, Peeping Tom, at Pine Valley, and he twisted Kid Pretzel at Gialope.

"Papers" Jimmy Kelley, Atlantic City clown, is the busiest boxer in the East since boxing up under new management. He recently defeated Harry Larsen and made two sensational hits with Johnny Demarco at Philly.

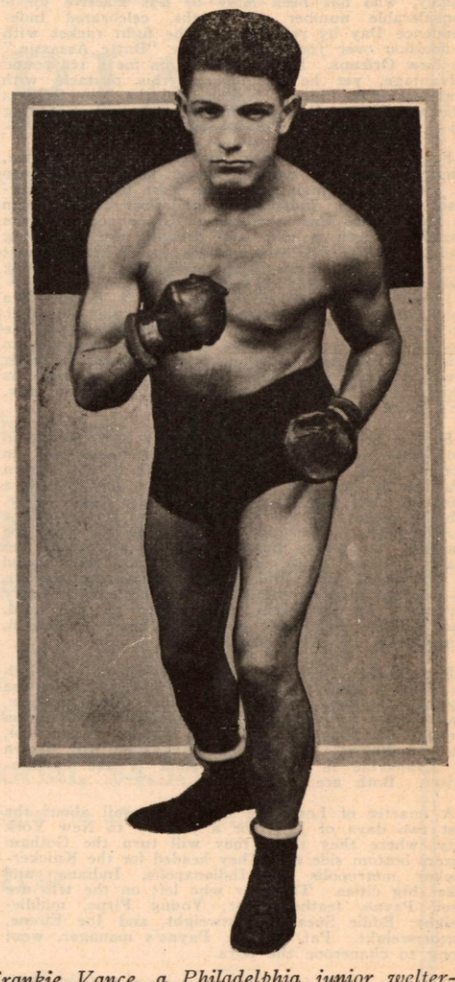
"Sugar-Babe" Garlington, the elongated negro featherweight of Camden, defeated Tim Johnson in a slugging bee at Atlantic City. The Sugar-Babe is class personified, and is a corking opponent for any legitimate featherweight in the world.

Manuel Flores, the sensational Zamboanga Bearcat, and Freddie Welsh slugged through another eight rounds at Millville's first open air offering. The bout was even more sensational than their former meeting, with both boys landing stiff blows and taking them like Trojan throughout the melee. The weights were: Flores, 125; Welsh, 134.

Buck Fleming, Jersey's slashing featherweight, in a great fight at Wilmington was returned the winner over Young Firpo, of Pennsgrove. In the semi-Charley Cunningham, of Clementon, beat Jimmy Martin, of Baltimore, in six whirlwind rounds. Joey Reynolds, of Atlantic City, outpointed Frankie Vance in six rounds.

Jack Daley and Young Firpo opened the Pennsgrove Arena with a slam-bang show staged under the direction of Pat Deeny, and Daley received the verdict after eight rounds. K. O. Jim Dugan kayoed Billy Jerome in four rounds.

An elimination tournament to determine the leading boxers in the flyweight, bantamweight, featherweight, light and welterweight classes is being arranged under the auspices of the Courier. They have



Frankie Vance, a Philadelphia junior welterweight who is making rapid progress

appointed a group of men who will act as judges and render decisions through the newspaper columns the following day. Assemblyman Wm. Izsard, Larry Callahan, Camden Courier, Eddie Welsh have given belts emblematic of trophy winners which will be given to the survivors of each class. This tournament should work wonders in reviving local interest in boxing talent, which is sadly in need of new faces.

Roxie Allen took a trip across the Delaware and was whipped by Al Gordon at the Elks' Ball Park, Philly. The Philly Southpaw put the Camden Wop on the deck for three trips in the fourth round.

In The Blue Grass District

By JIMMY FINEGAN

SINCE the Broadway Bowl, an open air arena was torn down some time ago for some reason, promoters have been obliged to stage their summer bouts in the Jefferson County Armory, an indoor ring. In the opinion of your Bluegrass fistic scribbler, unless Louisville promoters remedy this, and do it immediately, boxing will not be so well attended here, if at all.

In early July, the Kentucky State Board of Athletic Control, alias the Kentucky State Boxing Commission, granted a license to the newly-formed Paducah Athletic Club of Paducah, Ky., to stage boxing exhibitions under the Perry-Bryson law. The incorporators of the club are B. B. Hook, president; John W. Haynes, vice-president, and W. E. Fellows, secretary and treasurer.

Jimmy Byrne, hard-clouting southpaw biffer of Louisville, won a six-round decision from Tom Sayers of Detroit in the second preliminary to the Dempsey-Sharkey fracas. Byrne scored heavily with his left all the way, flooring Sayers in the fifth with a sharp uppercut.

One of Louisville's crack welterweights, Jimmy Finley, who has been more or less inactive for a considerable number of months, celebrated Independence Day by returning to the fight racket with a decision over Joe Simonich, the "Butte Assassin," at New Orleans. Finley spotted his foe a ten-pound advantage, yet he surmounted this obstacle with apparent ease. Harry Martinez of the New Orleans States believes Jimmy's showing again put boxing on a high plane in the Crescent City.

Fifteen nights following his clash with Simonich, Finley stacked up against Meyer Grace of Chicago in a ten-round main-go at the Fort Benjamin Harrison arena in Indianapolis and lost the decision to the Windy City performer. Grace copped seven chukkers, drew a pair and dropped the remaining one to Finley, who was content to let his opponent force the fight. Finley's aggressiveness was missing like a flivver motor.

Louisville's colony of boxers got a bright idea somewhere that its members could play baseball. So they booked a game with employees of The Louisville Times, and now they have resolved to stick to fighting, for they were defeated. Soldier Buck thought he could throw balls as well as gloves, but he wasn't so good. I'll tell you now, he's more accurate with the mitts.

Soldier Buck, incidentally, formerly quite active in Louisville hempen squares, has not been seen in action for a number of months. It is not known whether he has quit the game or is just taking a vacation. At any rate, Buck was one sweet biffer, what I mean.

After piling up a good lead early in the fray, Joe Paglina, Louisville featherweight, was obliged to wage a bitter tussle in the tenth and final round of his match with Phil O'Dowd, Columbus feather, to eke out a shade victory, at the Jefferson County Armory. In the other ten-rounder on the card, Jack Dillion, Louisville, outpointed Terry McMullen, Huntington, W. Va., middleweight.

Ray Meeks, Germantown lad, rallied in the sixth to gain a draw with Howard Jones, 124, on the same programme. Battling Jackson, Negro fighter, was looking for an exit when Referee Tot Wilkerson stopped his bout with Jefferson Ezekial Lucas, 144, another Negro. Tommy Taylor kayoed Kid Brown of Evansville in the third round of the curtain-raiser. Both are Negroes.

A quartet of Louisville biffers set sail about the last two days of June for a journey to New York City, where they think they will turn the Gotham boxers bottom side up. They headed for the Knickerbocker metropolis via Indianapolis, Indiana, and other big cities. The four who left on the trip are Cecil Payne, featherweight; Young Firpo, middleweight; Eddie Speaks, lightweight, and Joe Elrene, featherweight. Pat Wright, Payne's manager, went along to chaperone the boys.

The first heard from the quartette was from Erie, Pennsylvania, where Firpo and Speaks had bouts carded. Firpo, defeated boxer, who claimed forty-two knockouts in fifty-two fights, while Speaks drew with a lad who claimed forty-nine kayoes in fifty-six starts.

The Four Pokemen next were heard from in Meadville, Penn., where Speaks drew with Jimmy Reed, Erie, in eight rounds at Conneaut Lake Park. Speaks floored Reed for an eight-count in the second, but went to the canvas twice himself in the fourth. The scribes called it a draw.

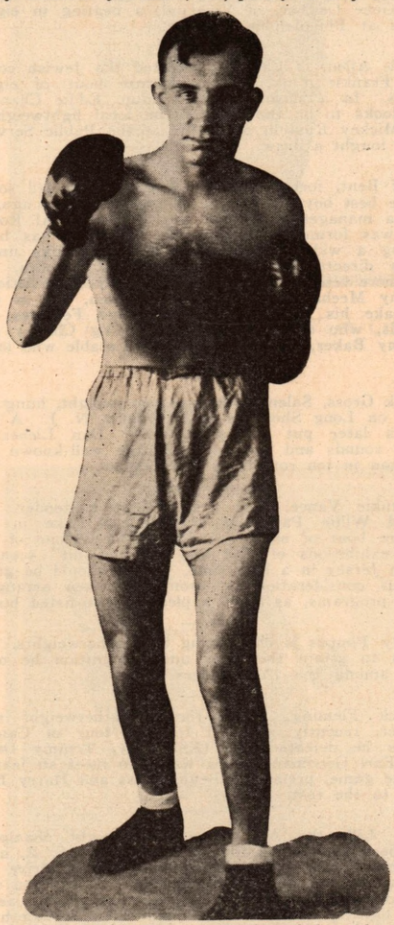
Johnny Carson, Louisville welterweight, came back home July 25 from Columbus with the glad tidings that he is seeking a bout with a good 145-pounder. Hugh Ross is booking for Carson, who has been railroading, running a gymnasium and boxing at Columbus.

Harry Fay, Louisville boxer, who hasn't been at home in a mighty long time, copped a decision from Bert Finch of Savannah in their six-round preliminary to the Paul Berlenbach-Joe Lawson tussle in Gotham, July 28. Fay outpointed his foe decisively for the complete journey.

Jackie Dugan, classy Louisville featherweight, showing in his first Louisville bout since his recent return from the West Coast, gained a technical kayo verdict over Ted Seidmann, California boxer, at the Jefferson County Armory, July 25.

The scrap was billed via the twelve-round route, but Seidmann was disqualified in the ninth because of an infraction of Kentucky biffing rules.

The preliminaries on this card were the kind you rarely witness. Joe Eure, 126, paralyzed Ray Meeks,



Connie Josenio, Texas middleweight, who is coming to the fore. He is now campaigning in New York.

127, with a short right between the optics in round one, Meeks going down, but bouncing up like little Willie's rubber ball. A left and right to the head then put Meeks down and out.

Howard Jones kayoed Eddie Campbell in the first of a six-round go. A right sent Campbell down, his head striking the floor with considerable force. He was out like the fourth horse is out of the money.

Willie Peck defeated Charles Beard in a vicious four-rounder, and Jefferson Ezekial Lucas, Negro, lambasted Billy Vahn, another gentleman of color, for almost two rounds before the latter decided to call it a night. These jousts completed the card.

Roy Hurst, the Jersey Iron Man, a chap who wasn't kayoed in over five hundred ring arguments, was in Louisville during July with a carnival, moving along to Cincinnati shortly after his arrival.

But Hurst once was a sweet performer. He mixed it with Joe Rivers, the Camp Knox boxer, and with K. O. Schram, the fighting Dutchman; Roy McAtee, now a policeman, and Johnny Mack, roly-poly boxer, who has shown in Louisville a number of times recently. Hurst fought with the boys in France, where he was gassed. That accounts somewhat for his present condition.

That's all for this month, customers. If any of you want any information of Louisville boxers, drop a line care of The Louisville Times sports.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

Frankie Schoell, Buffalo welterweight contender, defeated Harry Fuller, his youthful Niagara Falls opponent in their six round main event for the Velodrome Athletic club at the Bison Stadium last Monday night. It was an easy win for Schoell and the only thing that saved Fuller from a K.O. was the shortness of the bout. Had it been scheduled for ten rounds, instead of six, Schoell would probably have stopped Harry.

Tommy Paul, National amateur A. A. U. bantamweight champion, won over Tommy Griffiths of Niagara Falls in a six rounder. Paul outclassed Griffiths all the way. The ex-amateur looks like good material but will need a lot of experience before he is able to compete with topnotch bantams.

Some good matches are slated for the Crescent Sporting club's card Aug. 11th at the Bison Stadium. Frankie Garcia, the Utica flash, meets Frisco Grande, Filipino, who is a local favorite.

Lou Scozza fought a wonderful fight against the Cleveland heavyweight, Johnny Risko, in their ten rounder for the Crescent club here last month. Scozza deserved a draw, at least, with the Rubberman. Scozza was outweighed 14 pounds but stepped right into Risko and slugged it out with the Ohio champion all the way. Most of the early rounds went to Scozza by a large margin but Risko sort of evened things up in the final periods. Many fans and two writers thought Scozza won. It was certainly a great match for big fellows—action all the way.

Jimmy Slattery is taking things easy up in the mountains and it is very doubtful if the First Ward light-heavyweight will don the gloves again for some time. When Jimmy does get ready to box he will find Lou Scozza fit and ready for him.

Scozza and Manager Bert Finch believe Slattery would be easy pickings for them in a ten round bout. They don't want any six round shortstop matches with Slattery. Jimmy shines over the short route but the longer bouts do not appeal to him.

Art Weigand, local southpaw light-heavyweight, is doing some good work out Ohio way. He knocked out Chief Metaquah in one round at Toeldo and then came back and beat Joe Sykira at Toledo in 12 heats.

Tommy Ryan, Buffalo bantamweight champion, is hot on the trail of Bud Taylor. Tommy believes he has Bud's number. The bantam title claimant could never do much with Ryan.

FROM GEORGIA

By COLEMAN McGRILL

Two outstanding youngsters in these neck of the woods are Pinkie May of Savannah and Tony Leto of Tampa, Fla. These two have met in the ring three times in ten-round bouts and at this writing they are at a dead heat.

Tony Leto had little trouble in his last two starts. After an enforced layoff of six months, when he broke his right hand in a bout with Sammy Tucker, Leto re-entered the ring against Pete Faust of Jacksonville. Faust was knocked out in the second round and the following week, Leto scored a two-round knockout over Battling Hood.

Pinkie May scored a one-round knockout over Tony Takis, Greek 118-pounder.

Jimmy Watts, local featherweight, will soon box Claudie Wilson, the little Birmingham battler. Wilson recently was awarded the scribes' verdict over Frankie Garcia, formerly of California who is making his home in Memphis, Tenn.

Pete Saaron defeated Benny Regan in ten rounds here July 4, and Eddie Burl of Mobile, Ala., defeated Tommy Kid Williams of Charleston; in another ten rounder Freddy Boorde defeated Young Battling Kelly in ten rounds.

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News From Ohio State

TOLEDO TOPICS
By OSCAR C. RUHL.

Toledo boxing fans spent a rather quiet month of hit-and-miss during July. Only one fight of any consequence made its appearance. Others were scheduled, but were forced to be postponed when the headliners hid out on the fight.

During the month, Art Weigand and Joe Sekyra, heavyweights, put on the only fight that had any lure to it. Weigand, the Buffalo boy, entered the ring with the odds against him, but made Sekyra look foolish.

Sekyra, you know, holds the Middle West heavyweight title. This card also happened to be Toledo's first outdoor show this season and a large crowd was in attendance at the ball park.

Wilson Yarbo, colored, of Cleveland, ran out on a fight with Chet Thomas of Detroit. This cancellation also played havoc with Yarbo, as he is now barred from fighting for six months in the states that are afflicted with the Ohio commissions.

Another fight that was called off was due to an injury sustained by the Indian, Leo Gates. He strained his back conditioning for the battle with Joe Sekyra.

Even though Toledo was dead in the fighting game, Rossford, suburb of Toledo, was lively. Several good cards were in evidence in the latter city. Here's how their scraps come out:

Red Fitzsimmons of Toledo knocked out Mike Wallace of Cleveland in the second round.

Ad Wolgast of Cadillac, Mich., defeated Ray Powell of Detroit in ten rounds.

Everett Kelly knocked out Freddy Middaugh in the fourth round. Both are Toledo boys.

Jack Norris, Toledo heavyweight, knocked out George Murphy in the second round of their battle in Detroit July 14.

Jack Duffy, clever and aggressive Toledo lightweight, was awarded the referee's decision over Reddy Blanchard of St. Paul in their ten-round bout at Dayton, Ky., July 7.

Luis Carpentero, of Toledo, lost on a foul in the ninth round to Jimmy Harvey of Lansing in Battle Creek July 8. The Toledoan was leading at the time of the foul.

Bobby Rendely, local boy, lost to Jimmy Bernard of Flint in their eight-round battle before the Mandell-McGraw scrap in Detroit July 17.

Alex Simms, another Toledoan, fought a draw with Harry Tuttle, St. Paul, on the same card.

Chief Metoquah, Toledo heavyweight, was among the sparring pardners that conditioned Jack Dempsey for his Sharkey fight. The Chief made a good showing every time he faced the former champ.

Toledo boxers, promoters, fight managers and boxing fans, this is your column. We shall welcome any news and suggestions. Oscar Ruhl, the writer of this column, will welcome news of boxers from this locality. Address him at 943 Blum St., Toledo, Ohio.

IN OHIO
By HAROLD WALSH.

Jack Dempsey's knockout victory over Jack Sharkey at Yankee Stadium was very popular, as Jack has always been a big favorite in Ohio since that never-to-be-forgotten day at Toledo eight years ago when the Colorado Mauler knocked out Jess Willard for the heavyweight title. Jack's new manager, Leo P. Flynn, is also very popular here, as Leo does a big business in Ohio rings with his other fighters.

Walter Taylor, Cleveland's leading outdoor promoter, has staged three very successful outdoor shows to date, and is dickering with Clyde Hull for a bout with Tommy Freeman of Cleveland at Taylor Bowl early in August. On the same card Taylor proposes to use Willie Ames of Akron and Jimmy Trannett of Cleveland. Ames is a tough lightweight who has fought the best, while Trannett is a youngster whom Taylor is slowly bringing to the front.

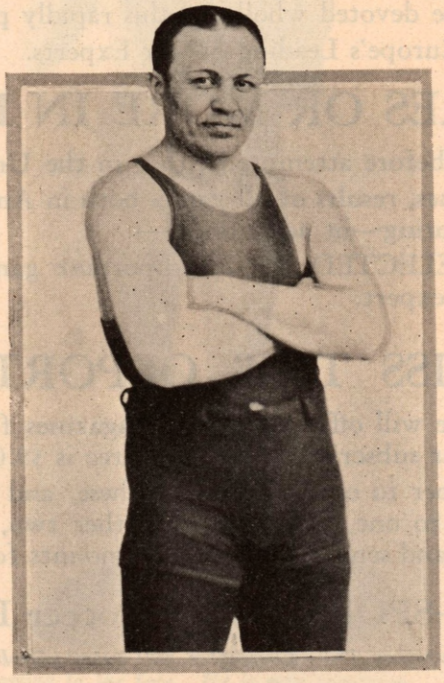
All Zill, the Youngstown promoter, has a likely-looking prospect in Freddie Fitzgerald, a Youngstown lightweight. Fitzgerald has suffered only one defeat since turning professional six months back.

Cleveland fans will have a chance to look at Tony Canzoneri soon, as Rubber Goldberger has matched Tony with Tommy Walsh's bantamweight, California Joe Lynch. Walsh has Lynch working regularly out of Chicago and Walsh claims "that if Lynch beats Tony in Cleveland that Jim Mullen will match Lynch and Bud Taylor for the title in Chicago."

John Risko, Cleveland's husky heavyweight, keeps winning steadily. Only recently Johnny knocked out Sully Montgomery in three rounds at Canton and then defeated Jack DeMave in ten rounds at the Olympic Arena in Cleveland. The latter bout was a real fight. Danny Dunnis is planning to invade the West Coast again after Risko's bout with Tiger Flowers in Detroit.

The two fighting Genet's are going along in good shape. Norman is a middleweight and the younger brother, Leo, a welterweight, and one of the best prospects in Ohio today. Norm recently beat Mike Carroll in ten rounds at Alliance and lost a close decision to Billy Peterson at Little Rock. Leo knocked out Country Boy Lance in two rounds on the same card.

Billy Petrolle, undaunted by his defeat at the hands of Billy Wallace in New York, went back to Fargo, where he knocked out Eddie Brady, the Brooklyn veteran, in exactly 46 seconds. Previous to boxing Wallace, Petrolle had knocked out Jack Duffy in one round at Akron. Petrolle will head Suey Welch's next card at Akron with Bazil Galiano, New Orleans lightweight, as his opponent. Galiano recently gave Billy a tough fight in ten rounds at Philadelphia.



Nick Newman, Jerry Sachs' Cleveland heavyweight who expects shortly to come East

The veteran Jimmy Jones of Youngstown is boxing more frequently, and also in the best form of his career since hooking up with Al Lippe, the extremely popular Philadelphia manager. Jones recently defeated Alex Sims here in ten rounds at Canton. Jones also is boxing all around the East.

Ray Alvis has picked up another good welterweight, this time in Meyer Grace. Grace is boxing regular in and around Chicago. Alvis has Eddie Shea back in the harness again ready for the best.

Big Boy Peterson, the woodchopper from Biloxi, is in Chicago with his manager, Paul LaCroix, and Peterson made good in his debut by knocking out Al Sherring in two rounds. Peterson is tentatively matched with Joe Sekyra at Dayton.

CANTON, ALLIANCE, AKRON AND YOUNGSTOWN BOXING NOTES
By FREDRIK K. SCHULLER

Kayo Christner proved too heavy for Alvine Spence of Cleveland in the main go of an Al Doty show at Canton. He sunk the Cleveland scrapper for a kayo in the second round.

K. O. Devore, Canton, was unable to use his damaging left to any advantage against Jackie Johnson of Cleveland, and was severely punished by Johnson. Devore was unable to start the fourth round. Jimmy Gilmore never seemed to mind the fact that Rattlesnake Robinson outweighed him several pounds and won the fracas by a knockout in the second.

Johnnie Katen and Tuffey Phillips of Massillon staged a whirlwind four rounder, Katen being winner by a slight margin. Bud Morrison outpointed Billy Gilmore.

Norman Genet, former star Akron middleweight, is being replaced in fistic circles by his brother Leo, who is being groomed for his fistic career by Harold Walsh. Walsh also managed the elder Genet.

Young Clem Earley knocked out Patsie Rocco in the second round at the weekly Myers Lake card. Kid Alberts won the decision over Scotty O'Neil.

Jack Heslip, Massillon lightweight of great following announced that he has joined Ad Thatcher's stable at Toledo. Alex Simms, Canton, is also a member of Thatcher's clique of battlers.

Preliminary to the Risko victory over De Mave, Harold Scarney, Youngstown high school lad, laid Jackie O'Connell out in the first round. Scarney, just recently turned pro, has been climbing the pugilistic ladder fast. Another Youngstown lad on the card, Bat Gahee, looked rather pathetic at the hands of Red Fitzsimmons, a Texas boy.

Jimmy Jones redeemed himself for the recent licking he suffered at the hands of Alex Simms, by easily defeating Simms in the Canton arena.

Young Xeny, Pittsburgh tooth puller, lost a tough one to Benny Burns in the semi-final, just barely being nosed out. Tony Leone of Dover rang up another victory, defeating the much taller Frankie Buff of Cleveland. Walter Keefe of Alliance defeated Jackie Heslip of Massillon by a big margin; Kid Brown defeated the Gypsy Kid of Youngstown in the curtain raiser.

Rudy Cedar, Pittsburgh, won on a foul from Mickey Fedor of Alliance in the American Legion battles at Canton.

Arvine Spencer, Cleveland, K.O.ed Frankie Monroe in the first round. Tony Leone, who has been winning so often and so easily lately was powerless before Mickey Dugan. Jimmy Gilmore, Canton, and Tuffey Boyce, Akron went six rounds to no-decision; Kid Hargrave, New Kensington, Pa., outpointed Kid Brown, Canton.

With the improvement of Reily Stadium at Salem, and the addition of concrete bleachers to seat close to five thousand persons, it is hoped that interest in the cauliflower racket will again start promoters to staging cards there. Salem should be the leading sport metropolis of the section. Placed in the center of the best sporting district of the state, it is just the kind of a city that brings smiles to the promoters' faces.

Emmett Rocco of Ellwood City is loudly clambering for Al Zill, Youngstown promoter, to get Johnny Risko in the same ring with him. There is no doubt that Rocco has punched everything out of the ring he has yet met, but he has as yet not met anyone of any real merit.

Boxing in this district is at its highest peak in several years, especially in Canton and Akron, where matches are held almost weekly. At Youngstown things are not as fast as in other years, but Al Zill will soon have everything humming again if he gets any kind of support at all from the fans.

Mickey Fedor beat Ted Esterbrook of Niles. It was just a case of Fedor fighting an entirely different game than in his previous battle, when Fedor met him half way and was given a licking.

Leslie Eckhart, Salem high school lad, seems to be ready for anything tough and is in training at the present time. Only an amateur, he has shown real stuff in training scraps and amateur bouts, and is bound to get some place in the fightracket. He is the first Salem scrapper since Tommy and Paul Beagle's time to really show any promise.

Harold Scarney, Youngstown lad, won another fight through a knockout, and with careful work will get up in the game. Emmett Rocco of Ellwood City, recent challenger of Johnny Risko, also added another win via the k. o. route to his belt, defeating K. O. Allen.

In Dixie and Points South

FLORIDA STATE NOTES
By PAUL A. SEEGER

The new state boxing law is a step in the right direction. It appears to be working out rather well in Miami and other sections, where poor shows under direction of inexperienced promoters have very nearly killed the sport. Real bouts by real fighters are booked for Miami this winter, according to plans of two new clubs, officials of which announce that boxing will be placed on a new basis.

Harry Graham, referee par excellence, father of the game in Miami and the man who has done more to promote good boxing in the state than any other dozen men, has refused offers from Pittsburgh, Kansas City and other places in order to carry out his ideas of clean sport in a club of his own.

Graham, no mean boxer himself a few years ago, has entered the promotion end of the business in association with Kemp Green. The new club will stage bouts only between well known fighters on a standard set by the best clubs of the north. A policy certain to win public approval.

The name of Harry Graham alone is enough to assure the public of worth while entertainment in this line, a thing Miami has been behind other cities of the state in since out-of-town promoters took over the sport. Green brings a record of 15 years in catering to the amusement loving public. He was with George Cohan for nine years, two years with Earl Carroll and is well known for his publicity for Bobbie Guinnes and Herman Taylor.

Graham has long been dissatisfied with the manner in which bouts have been conducted here under the past regime and this month handed in his resignation as official referee, despite all arguments of Boxing Commissioner Louis MacReynolds to have him stick.

Eddie Maguire, Graham's alternate, with his family, is taking a nice long vacation in Atlantic City. He will be back in the fall. Few fans realize the importance of the referee, but patrons of the bouts in Miami have had it brought home to them in the last few weeks with both Maguire and Graham absent.

Has "Pa" Stribling got another small gold mine or will he burn out another son before he reaches his majority, is the question being asked this last month after two bouts here.

Pa blew into town with "Babe," younger brother of William "Young" Strib. Babe shaded Tommy Madden in the first bout, but went to the cleaners at the hands of Young Manuel, the fast stepping Tampa boy. Pa refused to let Maguire be third man and Graham refused the job so Pa picked Earl Hudson, a whirlwind fighter himself, but with absolutely no experience as referee. It resulted in adding another bad bout to the long list.

Acting under the new state boxing law, the Miami post of the American Legion will get into action here with a rattling good show on Armistice Day. The matchmaking and conduct of the bouts have been turned over to a New York clique said to be in close touch with Tex Rickard.

Messrs. Graham and Green have the backing of several members of the newly elected city commission and it is well known that the new city manager, Dr. A. W. Ziebold, will not stand for poor bouts.

Tommy Madden has started a come-back after a lay-off of 18 months. He was shaded by Babe Stribling in his first bout, slapped Dandy Kid Dorland silly in the next and earned a draw with Ben Spivey in his third setto. The decision was not exactly to the satisfaction of the crowd and Madden stated his willingness to meet Spivey again on Ben's own terms.

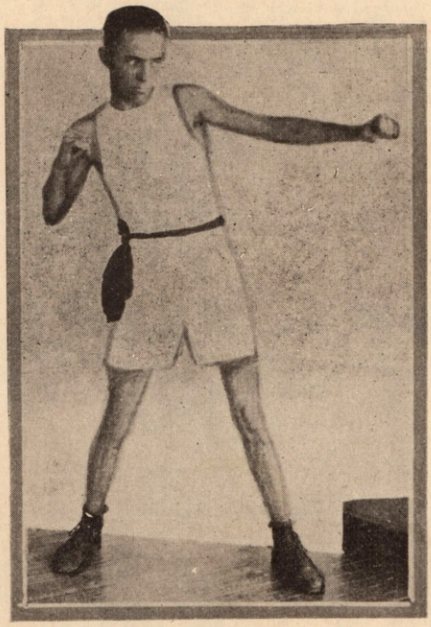
Madden is a clean living lad, has a pleasing style in the ring and is a real fighter. His manager, Kemp Green, expects big things of him this winter when he gets going properly. He is a lightweight.

Leo Osner, manager of Dandy Kid Dorland, insists, so long as we reported that Ben Spivey licked the Dandy Kid, that we now come to bat with the information that the Kid evened up with Ben in their third fracas. Well, we admit the Kid got the decision. No charge. You're welcome.

By the way. The Osner stable has folded its tents and departed for parts unknown. We understand that negotiations with Chicago promoters held out little hope for lucrative employment in that section so it is probable the boys are headed back for the oil fields, but why all the secrecy?

The month's best is the contest pulled here by Promoter Martin for the "lightweight championship of the south" in which he offered a belt to the winner of the Young Manuel-Frankie Osner fight. Of course Manuel copped, but what we fail to see is where Osner was considered the logical contender.

This Young Manuel person from Tampa is going great guns and is a big crowd pleaser. He has knocked 'em all endwise in this part of the state. A little more experience and he is certain to invade the big time.



Tiger Rose, Dallas, Texas bantamweight who is making headway

Jimmy Connelly, the schoolboy find of Ben Finkle, continues to flatten all opposition in this neck of the woods. Jimmy has added four more wins in the last months and now has 22 straight victories to his credit without a loss to mar the record.

This kid has no use for the floor except to stand on although his opponents claim he uses the ring posts to hit with. A good clean fighter and a modest pleasing little lad, his popularity is well deserved.

Ray Bronson informs us that the American Legion club in Jacksonville is drawing good crowds each week. With a man like Ray to sign up the boys, good bouts are assured. Jax seems able to support three clubs. Miami certainly should be able to keep two going if everything is on the up and up.

Tampa has a regular little Madison Square Garden and a capable organization puts on fights there under the auspices of the American Legion, which are well attended. An up-to-date arena is being constructed in Miami for the Legion and Graham and Green have entire control of their new plant.

To those fighters and managers who have written me in the past as to chances to show their wares in Miami, I wish to say that it has been impossible to answer all, but in the future such communications will be turned over to Messrs. Graham and Green and prospects are much brighter.

In the past there was nothing here for an outsider unless he was willing to come at his own expense and take a bout for what he could get. The two new clubs will inaugurate an entirely different policy.

This column is open to all friends of the game in Florida and news notes, pictures, etc., are always welcome. Copy for the following month must reach the writer not later than the 25th of the preceding month. Address Paul A. Seeger, care Miami Tribune, Miami, Fla.

Arturo Shekels had no trouble in putting away Mike Owens of Savannah, Ga., in the fourth round of their alleged fight here. No blame attaches to the Belgian as he, as always, was ready to put up one of the battles that have made him such a drawing card in this section.

Ben Spivey of Miami went down to West Palm Beach and put the skids under Renee Duray. Ben announces that he soon will be on his way north looking for bigger game.

Reubin Clein, manager of Bogie Saab, tells us that Bogie, one of the most popular boys who ever appeared in a Miami ring, will again delight the fans this winter. Bogie has been taking 'em all ths summer around Brmingham, Ala.

NOTES FROM VIRGINIA
By RODY DAVIS

Two good shows have been seen of late in Richmond and they doubtless are the last until fall of this year when the Grays Athletic Association will again start showing.

That much talked-of return bout between Andy Bowen, Washington 130 pounder, and Andy Kelly of Baltimore, took place in the big ring at the Grays Armory on July 8 and after some classy scrapping the bout was called a draw. They stepped for twelve rounds and there were few idle moments during the whole fight.

A good-sized crowd witnessed the program. It is the opinion of this writer that Bowen showed to be the better man. Toward the last of the bout he had the Baltimore boy stepping mighty fast.

In the preliminaries, Red Stewart of South Richmond, received the duke over Weinstein, a young sparring partner of Kelly's and also a Richmond boy. Both these youngsters worked hard and received a good hand.

The Commonwealth Club put on a good show on July 21.

In one of the ten round main bouts, the classy Frankie Masonis, army 135 pound king-pin, defeated Kid Bobbitt of Washington. Bobbitt is a rough and tough fighter but against the clever ring work of Masonis, he never was real dangerous. It was a corking good scrap, fast and clean all the way and both boys were loudly applauded.

In the other main affair, Johnny Deteris, soldier 145 pounder from Fort Eustis, met Fireman Griffin of Richmond. There were many pounds difference in the weights, Deteris being much the smaller, but the Fireman could not hurt the soldier boy and the match was decided a draw.

Frankie Masonis has won two main fights in North Carolina the past month. From reports from that section he is becoming as great an attraction down there as in Virginia.

IN IOWA RINGS
By BOB WAGNER

Elmer Leonard, Des Moines, junior lightweight, and Howard Middleton, Hot Springs, Ark., battled six rounds to a draw at Riverview Park at Des Moines.

Kenneth Hunt, Iowa light heavyweight champion, added two more victims to his list last month when he knocked out Frank Downard of Russell and Geo. Ziegler of St. Paul. This fellow Hunt will bear a lot of watching. To date he has engaged in thirty-one fights and has yet to lose a decision.

Joe Kelly, Des Moines boxing promoter and popular referee, is kept busy each month as third man in the ring. Kelly is popular with the fans and always makes the right decisions.

Louie Mays, Des Moines welterweight, gained an easy ten round decision over Steve Kronan of St. Paul in their bout at Mason City.

Clyde Drury, Marshalltown middleweight, knocked out Floyd Bowers of Kansas City in the fifth round of a scheduled eight round fight at Waterloo.

Dutch Kimball and Dandy Miller, both bantamweights of Des Moines, boxed a draw in a great eight-round bout at Riverview Park, Des Moines. Kimball is improving with every start and should make rapid strides in the bantam weight ranks.

WE STAND CORRECTED

"While reading the August number of THE RING, I happened to glance through your question box. In it, a fan asked how you rated a group of boxers including "Doc" Snell. To my surprise you said he was a second or third rater. If you will look at his record you will see he holds decisions over Joey Sanger, Phil Rosenberg, Jimmy McLarnin, Vic Foley, and King Tut. Recently at an outdoor boxing show in Seattle, he was matched with Tod Morgan. It was to be a six-round non-titular fight to a decision. Snell knocked Morgan down three times and carried off the decision.

JACK PRINCE,
Torrance, Cal.

We stand corrected. Thanks.

Just Among Ourselves

THEY'RE still talking about. Did Dempsey foul Sharkey? Or what have you?

* * *

THE scene is the Village Post office. The time, A.D., 1947. The Village patriarch talking. "Yes, I was there. No doubt about it. Dempsey knocked him out."

* * *

THERE never was anything like it before. Imagine a fight with powerful motion picture cameras trained on it—and experts still in doubt as to where those blows landed.

* * *

WELL, it's all over now. Dempsey against Tunney again. The boys out in the great open spaces will have something to talk about.

* * *

FIGHT experting is getting more and more complicated. Witness the divergence of opinion as to whether Dempsey or Sharkey was in the lead when the end came.

* * *

WHEN Dempsey goes into the ring against Tunney, Leo Flynn will be in the Mauler's corner again. Dempsey was more than wise when he made his peace with Leo for the Sharkey fight. Leo saved Jack's skin that night.

* * *

THE time was when Flynn and Dempweren't so friendly. That was before Jack became champion, and Kearns was handling Dempsey. But times have changed, Cyril, times have changed.

* * *

Recalls Orchard Bout

"ON reading the article 'Funny Happenings in the Ring' by Capt. Miller, he mentioned Hienie Orchard, the former Navy champion. I always thought he was and always would be an unknown.

"Some twelve years back I boxed him under the name of George Kid Rosch at Newport, R. I. It was my toughest fight. He put me down with a right hand swing in the first round which broke my jaw. I got up at the count of nine to have my right eye closed before the bell in that same first round. I then had to box until the sixth round. I staggered him with three successive rights to the jaw and at the end of that round, I found I had broken my hand but I had him in such a condition that I received a draw verdict at the end of the twelfth, and final round. I believe they shortened the round in the sixth to save him.

"In the semi-final of the same show, a heavyweight from the Navy was boxing a heavyweight from New Bedford but the New Bedford man knocked the sailor down in the fourth round. The lights went out for ten minutes. The sailor then remained the limit, eight rounds. After that I notified the referee that in case I got knocked down to count me right out and if I knocked him down to count him right out. I had the confidence as I never had been down before. He counted fast but I beat him up and went the limit.

George Kid Ross,
Greenfield, Mass.

* * *

Praise for Jimmy Slattery

"THE RING is as thrilling as a one-round knockout, as lively as Sid Terris and more popular than Jack Dempsey and John L. Sullivan combined. I believe the toughest fighter I ever saw is Ace Hudkins.

"The fastest big man, Jimmy Slattery.

"The gamest men, Mickey Walker against Greb and Bob Lawson against Jack De Mave.

"The fastest lightweight, Sid Terris.

"The best fight, Phil McGraw vs. Stan Loayza, first fight.

"The worst fight, Sid Terris vs. Lucien Vinez.

"The best all-around fighter of all time, Jack Dempsey.

"The greatest boxer of all time for SIX ROUNDS, Jimmy Slattery.

"Hoping for the continued success of your dazzling publication."

East Rockaway, L. I. FRANK CURTIS.

* * *

Selects Best Heavies

I have been a reader of THE RING for the past four years and I think it is in a class by itself. While I don't agree with everything that is published, I get a kick out of reading it. I have been following prize fighting for the past thirty years and have seen the champs from Jim Corbett down. I would like to make a selection of the first two in each division. The first and second best follow:

Heavyweight—Jim Jeffries, Jack Dempsey.
Light heavy—Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Dillon.
Middleweight—Stanley Ketchel, Harry Greb.
Welterweight—Tommy Ryan, Joe Wolcott.
Lightweight—Battling Nelson, Joe Gans.
Featherweight—Abe Attell, Terry McGovern.
Bantamweight—Jimmy Barry, George Dixon.
Flyweight—Jimmy Wilde, Pancho Villa.

I believe these men stood alone in their division. They could beat anyone, past or present, and I think Nelson was the greatest lightweight that ever was. The present day champs would not make sparring partners for him.

St. Louis, Mo. ERNEST BOOKER.

* * *

Old Days Recalled

"In your May issue I read an article from Mr. Howe of San Jose, California. I lived in San Jose back in the nineties, and how things have changed in boxing circles. I saw Dal Hawkins and Dan Mahoney fight at the old San Jose Club in 1891, and it was some fight.

"Those days the battles went to a finish. Hawkins knocked Mahoney out in the twenty-ninth round, and I'll bet that Hawkins will say, today, his hardest battle in his long record was with Mahoney.

"The night this San Jose Club was opened, Jim Corbett brought a class of his pupils down from 'Frisco and boxed with them. Jim hadn't fought Sullivan yet and was, at this time, boxing instructor at the Olympic in San Francisco.

"Do you remember Tommy Warren, Joe McAuliffe, Con Riodan and such old timers? They were all there. We used to have fights out at the race track under the old grandstand. No padded posts and two-ounce gloves.

"Wow, what fights! In 'Frisco several clubs were running full blast and fighters of those days certainly made ring history. Take the Dempsey-La Blanche fight when Dempsey, after beating La Blanche for thirty-one rounds, was knocked by, what we called those days, the La Blanche swing. Now it is called the pivot blow. Jake Kilrain knocked George Godfrey out in forty-four rounds. Can yon imagine any of our present-day heavies going forty-four rounds?

"The Corbett-Peter Jackson fight, May 21, 1891, sixty-one rounds and they got $2,500 apiece. How things have changed. Now they are talking of giving Jack Dempsey 300,000 smackers to fight again and Dempsey is an "ex."

"In 1890 Danny Needham and Patsy Kerigan fought 100 rounds at the old California Athletic Club, and they pulled down about $1,500 apiece. Do you know how much Jack Dempsey and George La Blanche fought for? And, mind you, this was a championship battle! $5,000 to the winner and $500 to the loser. Can you imagine it? And for the championship of the world!

"I haven't been out to California for a long time, but I remember those old times and they used to fight. I wonder what has become of a lot of them—Alex Greggains, Joe McAuliffe, Charley Turner, Young Mitchell, Charley Rochette, Billy McCarthy, Reddy Galagher, Denny Kelliher and Ike Weir.

"I eagerly wait the coming of The Ring each month."

W. G. Fortune, River Falls, Wis.

* * *

Thanks for Compliment

"Dear sir:

"I have read your magazine since April, 1926, and each month it gets better and better. The articles that are published in The Ring are very interesting. I would like to say that I consider Jeffries, Sullivan and Fitzsimmons my choice of the three best heavy champs of all times."

EMERSON WILEY,
Annapolis, Md.

* * *

One from Ireland

I am very glad to send to you my yearly subscription of two dollars for your first-class paper, The Ring, a paper which deserves considerable praise.

Hoping The Ring will always prosper, I remain,

MICKEY McGUIGAN,
Belfast, Ireland.

* * *

Will Help Gain Readers

"RECEIVED your very kind letter, and also story about Joe Gans, and was very much pleased to have received the story, and an answer to my letter.

"As I told you I am a great reader of fight books, but find yours, "The Ring," to be one of the best that I have ever read, complete in every detail, questions, answers, life stories of great fighters, and everything that the true fight fan likes to read of, and I wish you success in the distribution of this book in the United States, as well as other countries.

"I know for a fact that there are others just as pleased with your book as myself, for I have had them tell me, and ask me if I purchase this book. Of course, Phoenixville, is not a big town, but nevertheless, if they all read your book there would be quite a distribution of them, as the population is about 12,500. I for one would like to see this book read all over Phoenixville, by true fight fans of this borough, and that can be done by talking about it, and I assure you I will do this to the best of my ability."

Very truly yours in sport,
HENRY TAGGERT.

* * *

Englishman Protests

"As manager of Johnny Cuthbert, featherweight champion of Great Britain and holder of the Lord Lonsdale belt, I protest vigorously against the action of the New York State Boxing Commission and that of any other state commissions in America by proclaiming that Cuthbert is ready to enter the future elimination for the featherweight boxing tournament as the world's champion.

"I have the British champion under my care and European boxing critics proclaim him as good a featherweight as there is abroad. Under the circumstances, we in England feel that Cuthbert should get as much opportunity to fight for the world title as any of your American featherweights.

"I intend to make a trip to the States and will probably arrive with Cuthbert sometime in September. I then hope to place Cuthbert in a position to fight with your leading featherweights for the championship as the objective. I shall come to America with Cuthbert and Harry Brooks, the Young East End featherweight and hope for the proper recognition in the States.

"Yours for clean sport.

"JOHN SHARPE,
"London, England."

* * *

One from Ireland

"Enclosed find money order for 12 shillings for one year's subscription to your wonderful magazine. How long has this book been in existence? Sorry I didn't know of it before. I will thank you to let me know if I haven't sent you sufficient money.

PADRAIC O'COLGAIN,
Commandant, Curragh Camp, Ireland.

* * *

We Thank You

KINDLY furnish me a quotation on one-half dozen of your pictures (both sizes) as advertised in The Ring I may say that I have been an ardent admirer of your magazine for many years and like the host of followers you have, readily acknowledge that your publication certainly is "in a class by itself" as regards "dope" on the "manly art."

G. B. THOMPSON,
New Brunswick, Canada

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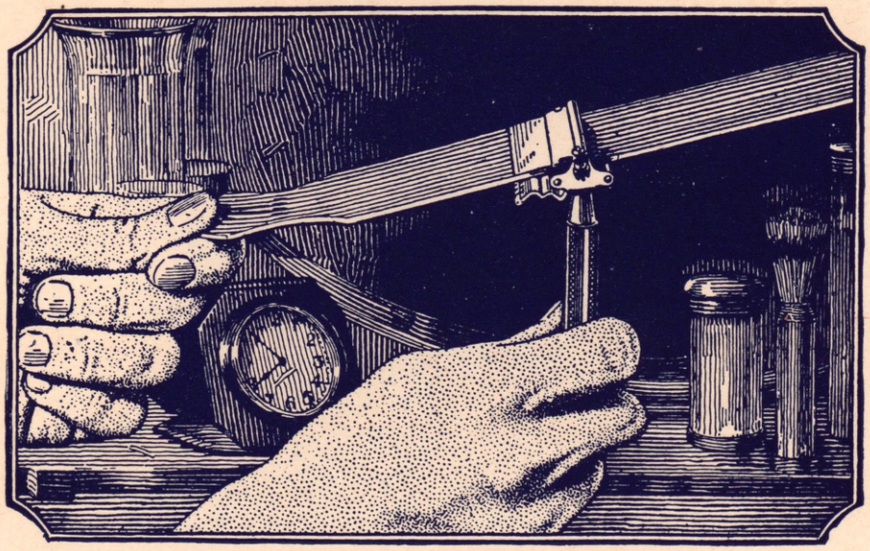

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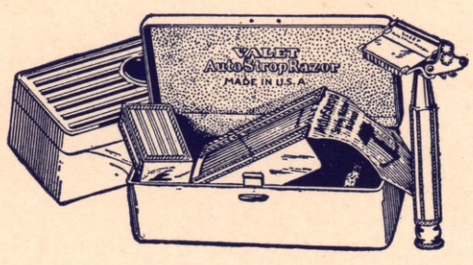

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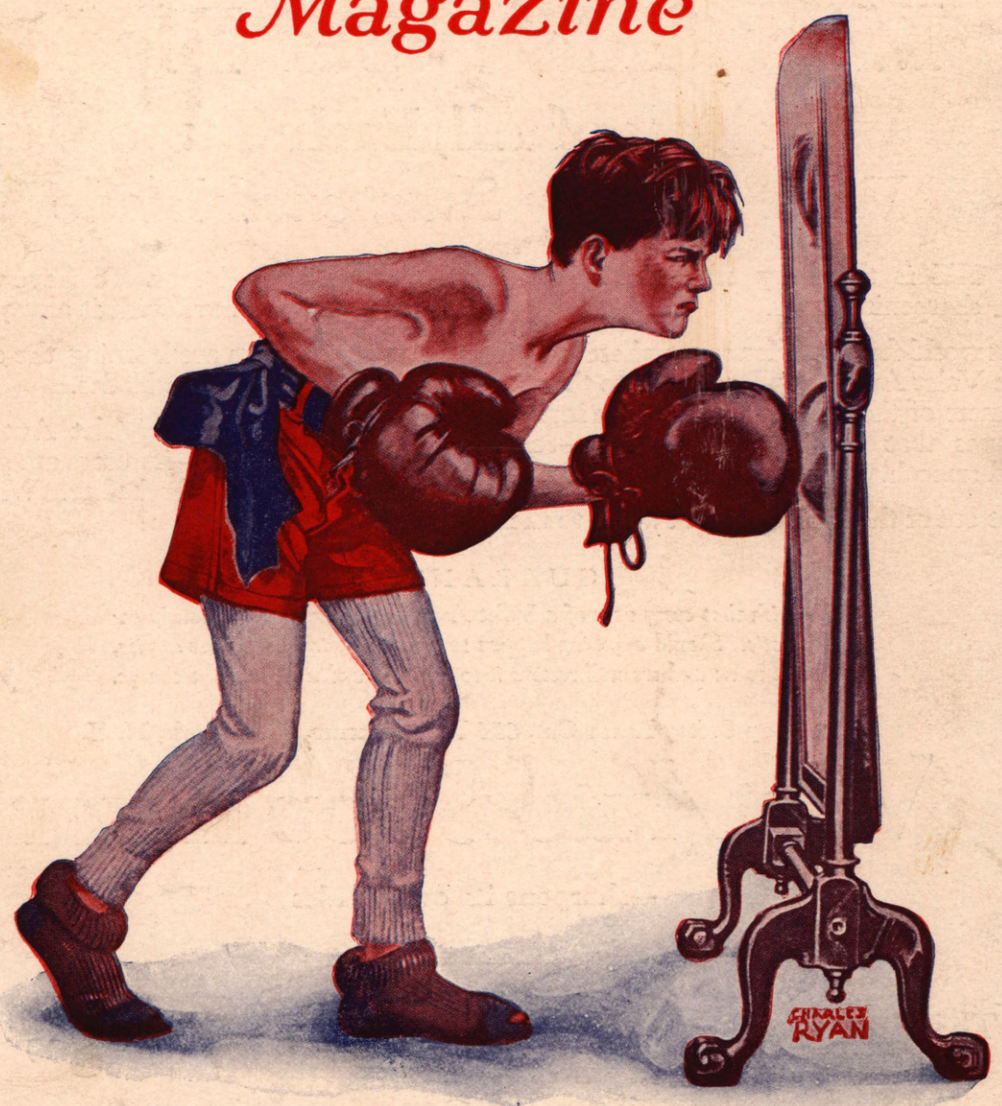

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